# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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**DEACON & PETERSON,** Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

## JUNE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Rose-flushed, warm-fancied June,
  What is the charm in your deep eyes
  That captive takes with sweet surprise
Every heart beneath the moon?
Where the sunlight burns and quivers
O'er the face of drowsy rivers,
On whose banks, with fresh dew wet,
Sits the blue-eyed violet,
Lo! the passion-hearted rose
  Lifts its red brows to the sun,
  And the lilies, one by one,
Their white lips unclose.

Love of mine, in the trees
  Like a dryad Summer hides;
  Flow her dreams in endless tides
Of delightful harmonies.
Hears she not the sylvan calling
  Of the winds in the leaves,
  Hears she not the rustling sheaves,
Hears she not the waters falling
Over banks of fragrant flowers,
  That with warm pulsations tremble,
Seeking vainly from the hours
  Their winged odors to dissemble.

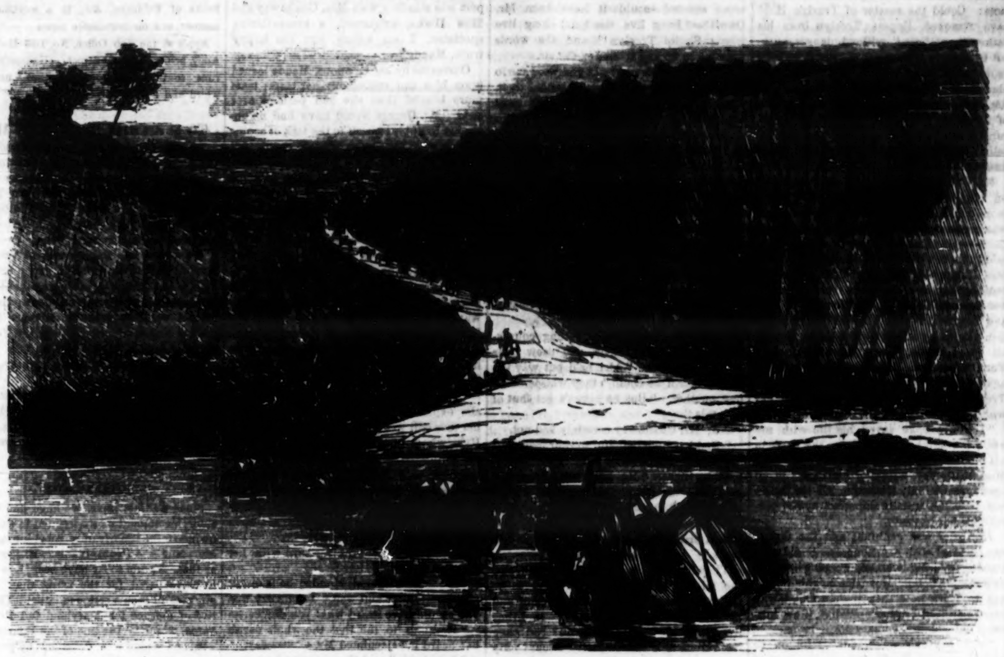
In the mead the merry sun
  Laughs in flowers; let us tread
Where the new spring-tide has won
  Life and beauty from the dead
Wonder of that last sad Spring
That, to Winter wandering,
Died of cold. You shall see
  Where all last night the nightingale
Sang in yonder linden tree
  To the rose bush in the vale;
Love, he sang so loud and sweet
  The moon came mounting from the sea
With eager eye and wingèd feet
  To learn what wonder this might be.

Oh, June! oh, red, delicious June!
  Thou throbbing heart of all the year,
In thy sylvan depths at noon
  With the pulse of Nature at my ear
  Beating delicately clear,
This is Heaven, and love, thou
  The seraph partner of my soul,
Oh, June! it is to hear love's vow
  Thy dreaming skies are downward bent
  With listening ear to earth attent;
For love's sweet sake thy valleys roll
  In blossoming pride magnificent.
Sweetheart, we'll tie the tender air
  Into love-knots of rich words,
  Hearing which the singing birds
Shall grow silent in despair,
And nature stand in eager mood,
  Circled by the dancing hours,
  And with red, round ears the flowers,
To hear love's charming interlude.

☞ A highly civilized New Zealander, now a partner in an English commercial house at Sydney, says that in his younger days he had been addicted to the use of human flesh, and being a candid and really high-minded man, he admits that although he has now acquired different tastes, the relish with which he partook of cannibal feasts, especially when the fleshy part of a young female was served up, is still a matter of by no means disagreeable recollection to him.

☞ It is a noteworthy fact of the criminal absurdities of fashion, that when silk and cloth are the dearest and most difficult to be had, it requires more of each material for one man and woman's garb, than has been known for a hundred years.

☞ Three things as good as their betters: Dirty water to quench a fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward.



PACK MULES FORDING THE RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER. FROM A SKETCH IN THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

# SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### WHO WAS DOWN THE SHAFT?

It is only too true. Whether from fire damp; whether from the rushing in of water; whether from any other cause of accident to which coal pits are liable, was as yet scarcely known: nothing was certain save the terrible calamity itself. Of the men who had gone down the mine that morning, some were dead, others dying. Mogg Pennet echoed the shrieks of the women as she flew forward and pushed herself a way through the crowd collected round the mouth of the pit. The same confusion prevailed there that prevails in similar scenes of distress and disaster elsewhere.

"And Mr. Chattaway himself was down the shaft, you say? He went down this morning? My friends, it is altogether an awful calamity."

The woman pushed in further yet and confronted the speaker, her white face, its lips drawn back with mental anguish, nearly touching his. He was the minister of a dissenting chapel near, a Mr. Lloyd, and was well known to the miners, some of whom went regularly to hear him preach.

"No, sir, Chattaway was na down the shaft; he is na one of the dead, more luck to him," she said, her words brought out jerkingly, her bosom heaving, her emotion altogether so great as to draw all eyes upon her, and cause a temporary lull in the commotion around. "Chattaway have this morning made me a widda and my young childern fatherless. My man was stiff with rheumatiz, he was—no more fit to go to work nor I be to go down that shaft and carry up myself his poor murdered body. I knowed his errand as soon as I heered his horse's feet. He made him get off the settle and he druv him out to work as he'd drive a dog; and when I told him of his hardness, he lifted up his whip again me. Yes! Pennet's down with the rest of 'em; sent by him: and I be a lone widda."

"Her says right," interposed a voice, breaking the pause which the words had caused. "It wasn't the master as went down the shaft; it were young Rupert Trevlyn."

"Rupert Trevlyn!" uttered the minister in a startled tone. "I hope he is not down."

"Yes, he's down, sir."

"But where can Mr. Chattaway be?" exclaimed Ford, the clerk, who made one of the throng. "Do you know, Mogg Pennet?"

"He's where the ill-luck have overtook him for his cruelty to us," answered Mogg Pennet, flinging back her hair from her face of sorrow. "I telled him the ill he forced on others might happen, come home to him—that he might soon be lying in his pain, for aught he knew. And he went right off to the ill then and there—and he's a lying in it."

The sympathies of the hearers were certainly not given to Mr. Chattaway: he was no favorite with his poor dependents at Blackstone, any more than he was with his neighbors around the Hold: but the woman's words were strange, and they pressed for an explanation.

"He be lying under the wall o' the old ruin," was her reply. "I come upon him there, and I guess his brave horse had flung him. When I'd ha lifted him, he cried out with pain—as my poor man was a-crying in the night with his back—and I saw him lay hisself down again after I'd left him. And Chattaway he swore at me for my help—and you can go to him and be swored at too! Happen his leg be broke."

The minister turned away to seek Mr. Chattaway. Unless completely disabled, it was necessary that he should be at the scene; no one of any particular authority was there to give orders; and the inevitable confusion naturally attendant on such a calamity was thereby much increased. Ford, the clerk, sped after Mr. Lloyd, and one or two stragglers followed him; but the rest were chained to the more exciting scene of the disaster.

Mr. Chattaway had raised himself when they reached him, and was holding on by the wall. He broke out into a storm of explanation and grumbling, especially at Ford, and asked why he could not have found him out sooner. As if Ford could divine what had befallen him! Mr. Lloyd stooped down and touched the ankle, which was swollen a good deal. It was sprained, Chattaway said; but he thought he could manage to get on his horse with their assistance. He abused the beggar unmercifully, which, perhaps, was only natural, and expressed his intention of calling a meeting of his brother magistrates that measures might be taken to rid the country of tramps and razor-grinders; and he finished up in the heat of argument by calling the accident which had befallen him a cursed misfortune.

"Hush!" quietly interrupted Mr. Lloyd. "I should call it a blessing."

Chattaway stared at him, and deemed that he was carrying religion rather far. As he looked, it struck him that both of his rescuers wore a very sad expression of countenance; Ford in particular was excessively chapfallen. A sarcastic smile crossed his face.

"A blessing! to have my ankle sprained, and to waste my morning in this fashion? Thank you, Mr. Lloyd! You gentlemen who have nothing better to do with your time than to preach it away, may think little of such an interruption, but to men of business it is not agreeable. A blessing!"

"Yes, I believe it to have come to you as such—sent direct from God. Were you not going into the pit this morning?"

"Yes, I was," impatiently answered Mr. Chattaway. "I should be there now, but for this—blessing! I wish you'd not—"

"Just so," interrupted Mr. Lloyd, calmly. "And this fall has no doubt saved your life. There has been an accident in the pit, and the poor fellows who went down a few hours ago full of health and life, are about to be carried up dead."

The words brought Mr. Chattaway to his senses.

"An accident!" he repeated. "What accident—of what nature?" he added, turning hastily to Ford.

"Fire damp, I believe, sir."

"Who was down?" was the next eager question.

"The usual men, sir. And—and—Mr. Rupert Trevlyn."

Chattaway with some difficulty suppressed a scream. Idea after idea crowded upon his brain, one chasing another. Foremost among them rose distinctly the one thought of the morning from which he had striven to escape and could not. "Nothing can bring me security save the death of Rupert." Had the thought, the half encouraged wish, brought on the realization?

"Rupert Trevlyn down the shaft!" he gasped, the moisture breaking out from every pore of his face. "I know he went down; I sent him; but—but—did he not come up again?"

"No," gloomily replied Ford, who really liked Rupert; "he is down now. There's no hope that he'll come up alive."

Whether in his mind's commotion he did not feel the ailments of body, or that his ankle, from the rest it had had, was really less painful than at first, Mr. Chattaway contrived to get pretty comfortably to the scene of action. The crowd had increased; people were coming up from far and near. Some medical men had arrived ready to give their services in case any sufferers were brought up alive. One of them examined Mr. Chattaway's ankle and bound it up; the hurt, he said, was but a temporary one.

He, the owner of that pit, issued his orders in a concise, sharp tone, and the bodies began to be brought to the surface. One of the first that appeared was that of the unfortunate man, Bean, to whom he had sent the message by Rupert. Chattaway looked on, half dazed. Would Rupert's be the next? He could not realize the fact that he from whom he had dreaded he knew not what, should soon be laid down at his feet, cold and lifeless. Was he glad or sorry? Did the *grief* for Rupert predominate?—and, that there should be some sort of grief for him who had grown up in his house was only natural, even from Chattaway. Or did the intense relief to his fears that the death must bring, overpower warmer feelings? Perhaps Mr. Chattaway could not yet tell.

They were coming up pretty quickly now, and were laid on the ground beside him, to be recognized by the unhappy and wailing relatives. The men to whom Chattaway had spoken that morning were among them: he had ordered them down as he rode off, and one and all had obeyed the mandate. Did he regret their grievous fate? did he compassionate the weeping wives and children? In a degree, perhaps, yes; but not as most men would have done.

A tall form interposed between his view and the mouth of the pit—that of Mogg Pennet. She had been watching for a body which had not yet been raised. Suddenly she turned to Mr. Chattaway.

"You have killed him, master; you have made my childern orphans. But for your coming on in your hardness to drive him out when he warn't fit to go, we should ha' had somebody still to work for us. Happen you may have heered of a curse? I'd like to give ye one now."

"Somebody take this woman away," cried Mr. Chattaway. "She'll be better at home."

"Ay, take her away," retorted Mogg; "don't let her plaints be heered, lest folk might say they be just. Send her home to her fatherless childern, and send her dead man after her to lie among 'em till his coffin's made. Happen, when you come to your death, Mr. Chattaway, you'll have us all afore your mind, to comfort you!"

She stopped. Another ill-fated man was being drawn up, and she turned to wait for it, her hands clenched together, her face white and haggard in its intensity. The burden came to the light, and was laid near the rest; but it was not the one for which she was waiting. Another woman darted forward: *she* knew it too well; and she clasped her hands round it, and sobbed and cried in agony. Mogg Pennet turned resolutely to the mouth of the pit again, watching still.

"Be they all dead? How many was down?"

The voice, putting the question, came from behind Mogg Pennet, and she screamed out and started round. There stood her husband. How had he escaped from the pit?"

"I haven't been a-nigh to it," he answered. "I couldn't get down to the pit, try as I would, without a rest, and I halted in at Green's. Who's dead among 'em, and who's alive?"

"God be thanked!" exclaimed Mogg Pennet, catching up her breath with a sob.

"You should thank him always," interposed Mr. Lloyd, who stood near. "All that He does is well; when will you learn to know that? And yet not many minutes ago, I heard from your lips a wicked word—the expression of an awful thought—one that must grieve the Most High. Have you nothing to say by way of reparation?"

The woman stood an instant battling with the spirit of resentment ever rankling in her heart against her husband's hard master, and which the events of the morning had increased to bitterness. But she did feel that a great mark of mercy had been vouchsafed her, and she turned to Mr. Chattaway.

"I asks your pardon, sir, for my words just now; and I'm sorry I said some of 'em. But I was half crazed, ye see, with the sorrow."

Mr. Chattaway paid no attention whatever to the apology. His eyes, his thoughts were strained upon the mouth of that yawning pit, and what it might be yielding up. As body after body was brought to the surface—seven of them had come up now—he cast his anxious eyes upon it, expecting to recognize the fair face, the silken hair of Rupert Trevlyn. Expecting and yet dreading—don't think him worse than he was; with the frightened, half-shrinking dread ordinarily experienced by women, or by men of nervous and timid temperament. So entirely did this suspense absorb him as to leave him nearly oblivious to the painful features of the scene around, the continuous wail of woe, the bursts of lamentation.

Happening for a minute to turn his eyes from the pit, he saw in the distance the approach of a pony carriage which looked uncommonly like that of Miss Diana Trevlyn. Instinct, more than sight, told him that the two figures seated in it were his wife and Miss Diana, although as yet he could not *see* whether they were women or men. It was slowly winding down a distant hill, and would have to ascend another and come along the flat ere it could be with them. He beckoned his clerk Ford to him in a sort of panic.

"Run, Ford. Make all speed. I think I see Miss Trevlyn's pony carriage yonder with the ladies in it. Don't let them approach. Tell them to turn aside; to the office, and I'll come to them; anywhere. Anywhere but here."

Did he wish to spare them the ghastly portion of that scene? did he fear that its distress altogether would be too much for them? No; to that he never cast a thought. Mr. Chattaway was not of a nature so much as to think of sparing the feelings of another, even though that other were his wife. It was not that. There might be unseemly grief (as he used the word, unseemly) on his wife's part at the *fate* of Rupert Trevlyn, and some subtle working of his inner heart told him that it might be as well to guard that sight from the crowd.

Ford ran with all his might. He met the carriage just at the top of the nearest hill, and unceremoniously laid his hand upon the pony, giving Mr. Chattaway's message as well as his lost breath would allow him—that they would turn aside; that they would not approach the pit.

It was evident that they were strangers as yet to the news, but the crowd and excitement round the pit had been causing them apprehension and a foreshadowing of the truth. Miss Diana, paying, as it appeared, little heed to the message, extended her whip in the direction of the scene.

"I see what it is, Ford. Don't beat about the bush. How many were down the shaft?"

"A great many, ma'am," was Ford's reply. "The pit was in full work to-day."

"Was it fire-damp?"

"I believe so."

"Mr. Chattaway's safe, you see? He was not down? I suppose he was not likely to be?"

"No," answered Ford. But what with the thought of Mr. Chattaway's accident from another source, which he did not know whether to tell of or not, and what with the consciousness of a worse calamity, he spoke the word in a very hesitating manner. Miss Diana was quick of apprehension, and it awoke it.

"Was any one down the shaft besides the men? Was—where's Rupert Trevlyn?"

Ford looked as if he dared not answer.

Mrs. Chattaway caught the alarm. She half rose in the low carriage, and stretched out her hands in a pleading attitude; as though Ford held the issues of life and death.

"Oh, speak, speak! He was not down

the shaft! Surely Rupert was not down the shaft!"

"He had gone down but a short time before," said the young man in a whisper—for where was the use to deny the fact, now that they had guessed it? "We shall all mourn him, ma'am; I had almost as soon it had been me."

"Gone down the shaft but a short time before!" mechanically repeated Miss Diana in her startled shock. But she was interrupted by a cry from Ford. Mrs. Chattaway had fallen back on her seat in a fainting fit.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### A SHOCK FOR MR. CHATTAWAY.

The brightness of the day was turning to gloom, as if the heavens above sympathised with that melancholy scene being enacted upon earth. Quietly pushing his way through the turmoil and confusion, through the moans and lamentations, through the dense mass of human beings surrounding the pit mouth of Mr. Chattaway's coal-mine, was a tall individual whose acquaintance you have made before. It was Mr. Daw with his red umbrella; the latter an unvarying appendage to him whether the sun was shining or the clouds were dropping their rain. He went straight up to certain pale faces lying there in a row, and glanced at them one by one.

"They are saying that Rupert Trevlyn is among the sufferers," he observed to those nearest to him.

"So he is, master."

"I do not see him here."

"No he ain't up yet."

"Is there no hope that he may be brought to the surface alive?"

They shook their heads.

"Not now. He have been down too long. There's not a chance for him."

Something like emotion passed over Mr. Daw's features.

"How came *he* to be down in the pit," he asked. "Was it his business to go down?"

"Not in ord'nary. No; 'tworn't once in six months as there was aught to take him there."

"Then what took him there to-day?" was Mr. Daw's next question.

"The master sent him," replied the man, pointing with his thumb towards Mr. Chattaway.

Apparently Mr. Daw had not observed Mr. Chattaway before and he turned and walked towards him. Vexation at the loss of Rupert (it may be surely called vexation rather than grief, since he had not known Rupert sufficiently long to *love* him)—a loss so sudden and terrible, was rendering Mr. Daw unjust. The worst enemy of Chattaway could not fairly charge blame upon that gentleman with reference to the fate of Rupert; but Mr. Daw was in a hasty mood.

"Is it true that you sent Rupert Trevlyn down the shaft but a few minutes before this calamity occurred?"

The address and the speaker equally took Mr. Chattaway by surprise. His attention was riveted on something then being raised from the shaft, and he had not noticed the stranger. Hastily turning his head, he saw, first the conspicuous red umbrella, next its obnoxious owner, so dangerous to him.

Ah, but no longer dangerous now. That terrible fear was over. With the first glimpse, Mr. Chattaway's face had turned to a white heat, from the force of habit, but the next moment's reflection reassured him, and he retained his equanimity.

"What did you say, sir?"

"Was there no one else, Mr. Chattaway, to serve your turn, but you must send down your wronged and unhappy nephew?" reiterated Mr. Daw, in a tone that penetrated to every ear. "I have heard it said, since I came into this neighborhood, that Mr. Chattaway would be glad if by some lucky chance the grandson of Squire Trevlyn and the legal heir could be put out of his path. It seems he has succeeded in accomplishing it."

Mr. Chattaway's face grew dark and frowning.

"Take care what you say, sir, or you shall answer for your words. I ask you what you mean."

"And I ask you—was there no one you could despatch this morning into that dangerous mine, then on the very eve of exploding, but that helpless boy Rupert, who might not resist your authority, and so went to his death? Was there no one, I ask?"

Mr. Daw's zeal was decidedly outrunning his discretion. It is the province of exaggeration to destroy itself, and the unfounded charge—which, temperately put, might have inflicted its sting—fell comparatively harmless on the ear of Mr. Chattaway. He could only stare and wonder—as if a proposition had been put to him in some foreign language.

"Why—bless my heart!—are you mad?" he presently exclaimed, but his tone was a sufficiently equable one. "Could *I* tell the mine was going to explode? Had but the faintest warning of such a catastrophe reached me, do you suppose I should not have taken measures to empty the pit of all human souls?—ay, though it had been necessary to go down myself and face the danger. I am as sorry for Rupert's fate as you can be; but the blame is not mine. It is not any one's—unless it be his own. There was plenty of time—time and again—for him to leave the pit after he had delivered the message I sent him down with, had he chosen to do so. But I suppose he stopped gossiping with the men. This land belongs to me, sir. Unless you have any business here I'd recommend you to leave it."

There was so much truth in what Mr. Chattaway urged, that the stranger began to be a little ashamed of his heat.

"Nevertheless, it is a thorn removed from your path," he cried aloud. "And you would have removed him from it yourself long ago, could you have done it without sin."

A half murmur of assent arose from the crowd around. The stranger had just hit the facts: Could the master of Trevlyn Hold have removed Rupert Trevlyn from his path without "sin," without danger, without trouble, it had long ago been done. In short, were it as easy to put away some obnoxious individual from our sphere of life, as it is to put away an offending piece of furniture, Mr. Chattaway had most assuredly not waited until now to rid himself of Rupert; and those crowding listeners knew it.

Mr. Chattaway turned his frowning face on the incautious murmurers; but before more could be said by any party, the circle was penetrated by some new comers, one of them weeping and wailing in a distress of mind that could not be hidden or controlled. Mrs. Chattaway recovered from her apparent fainting fit—though in reality she had not lost consciousness, and her closed eyes and intense paleness had led to the deception—the pony carriage had been urged with all speed to the scene. In vain the clerk Ford reiterated Mr. Chattaway's protest against their approaching it. Miss Diana Trevlyn was not one to attend against her will to the protests of Mr. Chattaway.

"I would have saved his life with my own; I would have gone down the shaft in his place had it been possible," wailed poor Mrs. Chattaway, wringing her hands in an agony, and wholly forgetting all the timorous reticence usually imparted by the presence of her husband.

*Her* grief was genuine; and the throng sympathised with her almost as it did with those despairing women, weeping in their new widowhood. But the neighbors had not to learn now that Madam Chattaway loved her dead brother's children if her husband did not.

"For heaven's sake, don't take on so here!" growled Mr. Chattaway, in a rage of impotent anger. "Have you *no* sense of the fitness of things?"

But his wife, however meekly subservient at other times, was not in a fit state for subservience then. She could not define the sensations that oppressed her; she only felt that all was over, that the unhappy boy had gone from them for ever; that the cruel wrongs inflicted on him throughout life were now irreparable.

"He has gone out with all our unkindness on his head," she wailed, partially unconscious no doubt of what she did say; "gone to meet his father, my poor lost brother, bearing to him the tale of his wrongs. Oh, if—"

"Be silent, will you?" shrieked Chattaway. "Are you going mad, Edith?"

Mrs. Chattaway covered her face with her hands, and leaned against the shafts of the barrow on which her husband was sitting, for his ankle had not allowed him to stand. Miss Diana Trevlyn, who had been gathering various particulars given her by the crowd, who had said a word of comfort (though it was little comfort they could listen to yet) to the miserable women, came up at this moment to Chattaway.

"It was a very unhappy thing that you should have sent Rupert into the pit this morning," she said, her face wearing its most haughty severity.

"Yes," he answered. "But I could not foresee what was about to happen. It—it might have been Cris. Had Cris been in the way at the time, and not Rupert, I should have despatched him."

"Chattaway, I'd give all my fortune to get him back. I—"

A strange noise and shouting on the outskirts of the crowd attracted their attention, and Miss Diana brought her sentence to an abrupt conclusion, and turned sharply towards it, for the shouts bore the sound of congratulation—of triumph; and some voices were decidedly breaking into hurrahs. Strange sounds, in that awful death scene!

Who was this, advancing towards them? The crowd had parted to give him place, and he came leaping along to the centre, all haste and excitement—a fair, gentlemanly young man, with his silken curls uncovered, and his cheeks hectic with excitement. Mrs. Chattaway cried aloud with a joyful cry, and her husband's eyes and mouth slowly opened as though he saw a spectre.

It was Rupert Trevlyn. Rupert, it appeared, had not been down in the pit at all. Sufficiently obedient to Mr. Chattaway, but not implicitly obedient to the letter, Rupert, when he got to the pit's mouth, had seen the last of those men descending it whom Chattaway had imperiously ordered down, and he sent the message to Bean by him. His chief inducement to this was, that he had just met a gentleman of his acquaintance who had come to tell him of a pony for sale—for Rupert had been making inquiries for one, having been commissioned to do so by Miss Trevlyn. It required little pressing to induce Rupert to abandon the office and Blackstone for some hours, and start off to see this pony. And that was where he had been. Mrs. Chattaway clasped her hands round his neck, in utter defiance of her husband's prejudices, unremembered then, and sobbed forth her emotion.

"Why, Aunt Edith, you never thought *me* one of them, did you? Bless you! I am never in the pit. I should not be likely to fall into such a calamity as that. Poor fellows! I must go and ascertain who was down."

So Rupert's wandering idleness—it may be almost said his disobedience—had saved him! The crowd broke into a cheer, and a voice shouted—could it have been Mr. Daw's?—"Long live the heir!—long live young Squire Trevlyn!" and the words were taken up and echoed in the air.

And Mr. Chattaway? If you want me to describe his emotions to you, I cannot do it. They were of a mixed nature. We must not go so far as to say that he *regretted* to see Rupert back in life; that he did not feel any satisfaction at his escaping the dreadful fate it was assumed he had met; but with his reappearance all the old fears for himself returned. They returned ten-fold from the very fact of his short immunity from them, and the audacious words of the crowd turned his face green. In conjunction with the more audacious words previously spoken by the stranger, with the very demonstrative behavior of his wife, they were as a sudden blow to Mr. Chattaway.

Those shouters saw his falling countenance, his changed look, and drew their own conclusions. "Ah! he'd put way the young heir if he could," they whispered to one another. "But he haven't got shut of him this time."

No; Mr. Chattaway certainly had not.

"God has been merciful to your nephew," interposed the peaceful voice of Mr. Lloyd, drawing near. "He has been pleased to save him, though he has seen fit to take others. We know not why it should be—that some should be struck down, and others spared. His ways are not as our ways."

They lay there, a long line of them, and the minister pointed with his finger as he spoke. Most of the faces looked calm and peaceful. Oh! were they ready? Had they lived to make God their friend? had they lived trusting in Christ their Saviour? My friends, this sudden call comes to others as well as to miners: it behoves us all to be ready for it.

I had thought to give you at length the details of this accident, with the causes that led to it, but some of you might deem such particulars tedious; and they are unhappily often to be met with in the public journals. As the day drew to its close, the excitement did not lessen; and Mr. Chattaway almost forgot the hurt, which he would have made a great deal of at another time. But the ankle was considerably swollen and inflamed, giving him pain still, and it caused him to quit the scene for home, earlier than he might otherwise have done.

He left Cris in his place to superintend, to direct, to be altogether the controlling head and hand. Cris was not incompetent to the task; but he might have displayed a little more humane sympathy with the sufferers without compromising his dignity. Cris had arrived in much bustle and excitement at the scene of action, putting eager questions about Rupert, as to how he came to be down the shaft, and whether he was really dead. The report that he was dead had reached Cris Chattaway's ears at some miles' distance, as it had reached those of many others.

It had reached Maude Trevlyn's; but later in the day. The servants at Trevlyn Hold had heard it, and they foolishly went open mouthed to Maude—"There had been an explosion in the pit, and Master Rupert was among the killed." Maude was as one stricken with horror. She did not faint, did not cry; she put on a shawl and bonnet mechanically, as she would for any walk of indifference, and went out of the house on her way to Blackstone.

"Don't go, Maude; it will only be more painful to you," Octave had said, in a kind tone, as she saw her about to depart; but Maude went on as though she heard her not. She turned towards the fields—it cut off a few minutes of the way—and she bore swiftly on with a dry eye and burning brow. At the conjunction of the fields and the road, as she was turning into the latter, she met George Ryle.

"Where are you going, Maude?"

"Oh, George, don't stop me! I had but him."

But George did stop her. He saw her troubled countenance of despair, and suspected what was amiss. Putting his arm gently around her, he held her so that she should not go on. Maude supposed he had heard the tidings, and was unwilling that she should approach the terrible scene; but she did not like the check.

"I must see him, I must hear about it," she said, bursting into tears. "Why do you stop me? He was all I had."

"Maude, my darling, be comforted. You have been hearing the report that Rupert was a sharer in the calamity, as I heard it; but the report was a false one. Rupert is alive and well."

Was he asserting this only to soothe her? Maude fell back against the gate and looked at him with eagerly questioning eyes; reproach and hope—wild hope as she feared it—mingling in them together.

"Anything but deceit," she gasped. "I could not expect it from you."

"Maude, by all I hold most dear, by my honor, by my faith, the report of Rupert's death was a false one. It was believed he was in the pit when the accident occurred; and the news of it spread far and wide.—But he was not near the pit, he was far from it, and at the very moment when they were lamenting his fate he came running up to them from a distance. Young Apperley told me this: he was there; and when he, Apperley, quitted the scene, Rupert was standing with Mrs. Chattaway and Miss Diana, unharmed, a sympathizing spectator. I am telling you the happy truth, Maude."

Overcame by her emotions, Maude leaned upon him and sobbed out her tears; tears more blissful than she had perhaps ever shed. Mr. George would have had no objection to apply himself to the task of soothing her until the shades of night should fall—but scarcely a minute had they so stood when an interruption, in the shape of some advancing vehicle, was heard. These envious interruptions will intervene you know at the most unwelcome of times—as, perhaps, your own experience may enable you to bear testimony to.

It proved to be the pony carriage of Miss Diana Trevlyn. Mr. Chattaway with his lame foot sat beside her, and Mrs. Chattaway occupied the groom's place behind.—Miss Diana, who chose to drive her own pony, although she had a gentleman at hand, pulled up in surprise at the sight of Maude.

"I had heard that Rupert was killed," she explained, advancing to the carriage, her face still wet with tears. "But George Ryle, whom I have just met, has told me the truth."

"And so you were starting to run to Blackstone!" returned Miss Diana. "Would it have done any good, child? But that is just like you, Maude. You will act upon impulse to the end of your life."

Mrs. Chattaway bent forward with her sweetest smile.

"He is not injured, Maude; he is on his way home, alive and well. I am sorry that you should have heard what you did."

"It seems to me that the whole parish has heard it," ejaculated Mr. Chattaway.

"I heard it," said George, who had gone round to Miss Diana's side, and was leaning on the carriage. "I have been out since the morning, and it was the first news to greet my return—that there had been an accident at the mine and Rupert was killed. Before I had digested the shock, however, Tom Apperley came up and set me right as to Rupert; and I was hastening up to the Hold to tell them the truth, suspecting that they also might have heard the false report, when I met Maude. So I had the satisfaction of imparting it to her."

"I can make room for you, Maude, my dear," said Mrs. Chattaway, whose face this afternoon was as a very sunbeam, so joyful was the revulsion of feeling: "we are neither of us very big. Thank you, George; if you will be so kind as help her up."

Maude was squeezed in somehow; they were not very big, as Mrs. Chattaway said, and it was managed. In point of fact the seat was only built for one, a groom; and grooms, you are aware, don't wear crinoline.

"It's a dreadful calamity," observed George as they drove away. "I shall go to Blackstone and see if I can be of use."

Not many paces had the pony taken when they met the Rev. Mr. Daw. Was the man gifted with ubiquity? But an hour or two, as it seemed, and he had been bearding Mr. Chattaway at the mine. He lifted his hat as he passed, and Miss Diana and Maude bowed in return. He did not approach the carriage, or attempt to stop it; but strode on with wide steps as does one in a hurry.

Mr. Chattaway, who had never looked towards the man, or moved a muscle of his face, turned his head to steal a glance at him when he deemed he was at a safe distance. There stood Mr Daw, talking to George Ryle, one hand stretched out in the heat of argument, the other grasping the red umbrella, which was turned over his shoulder.

"Treason, treason!" mentally ejaculated the master of Trevlyn Hold, and he raised his handkerchief to wipe the moisture that was gathering on his face. "How I might have laughed at them now, if—if—if that had turned out to be true about Rupert!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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☞ A bookseller who had heard of Balzac as a young writer of great promise, resolved to offer him 3,000f. for a novel, but on being told that he lived in an obscure street in the old part of Paris, he observed that he must be a plebeian, and that he would offer him but 2,000f. On arriving at the house he was told that Balzac lived on the fourth floor. "Oh, in that case," said the bookseller, "I will offer him but 1,500f." But when he entered a poorly-furnished room and saw a young man steeping a penny roll in a glass of water, he offered but 300f., and for this sum received the manuscript of what was afterward considered a *chef d'œuvre*—the "*Derniere Fee.*"

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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### JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

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### TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

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### THE WAR.

Since our last issue, we have had a considerable amount of excitement in this city, owing to the reports of a rebel inroad into Maryland and Pennsylvania. Exaggerated as those reports so far have been, it is better to be prepared for the worst, than to run any risk in such a serious matter. The first line of defence for Maryland and Pennsylvania, which is the line of the Potomac River, and which was defended by probably twenty thousand men, scattered at Harper's Ferry, Winchester, Martinsburg, and other places, being successfully assailed by the rebels, though our defending forces were neither captured nor dispersed, the state lay open for the moment to any rebel body which had the temerity to enter. To the call of the state authorities, however, the citizens have responded by the tens of thousands, and our sister states of New York and New Jersey—sisters indeed, as the present occasion proves—have also sent their sons by the thousands, well armed and fully organized, to the defence of the Northern border.

What General Lee's plans are it is not possible, of course, to say. Doubtless they are various, and will be varied according to the progress of events. He would like to defeat Hooker, to capture Washington and Baltimore, to force the seat of war into Pennsylvania. We trust, however, that he will not be able even to hold Hooker inactive, much less to defeat him—and without he can do one of these things, his other plans must necessarily be greatly circumscribed.

The policy of the North, however, is clear, for either contingency of success or defeat—the raising of a large force to occupy the Potomac line. Such a force would enable Hooker to act with his undivided army upon a divided opponent—and, in case of Hooker's defeat, would interpose a second barrier against invasion. Therefore the full force of 100,000 men recently called for should be raised at once, both as a means of probable victory, and a protection against the consequences of possible defeat.

In this connection we may say, that while we do not censure in the least, those of our citizens who recently returned from Harrisburg, because their business engagements did not admit even a conditional pledge to serve for six months, we can still see that it may be much better for the Government to obtain, say twenty thousand men for that period, than even treble the number for only a few weeks' term of service.

Gen. Lee has made a bold movement—it is also, however, a hazardous one. Properly improved on the part of the North and the Government, it may have the most favorable results. Let the friends of the Union seize now the propitious moment.

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### EVERGREENS.

A subscriber who resides in Hartland, Worth Co., Iowa, writes:—

"Will it be intruding upon the columns of THE POST, if I ask through its columns for information, as follows: 'first, where can I find seed of the Norway Pine, Silver Larch, Balsam Fir, Mountain Ash, and other kinds of Evergreens. Second, the mode of planting them out, so as to have them germinate readily.'

"If you will give the desired information you will much oblige one of your subscribers, besides many others in this vicinity. W. W. RUSSELL."

### HOW OUR TROOPS FIGHT.

We hope the following account of the manner in which many of our Northern troops fight is not correct. It is, however, the testimony of an officer of the Union army, who did service at Chancellorsville. If the account be even partly true, it is a great pity; and we are inclined to credit it somewhat, because we observe that in drilling, so far as has come under our observation, the great object seems to be to learn the recruit to load and fire rapidly and carelessly, and not to fire slowly and efficiently. But to the description of the officer in question. He says:—

The Yankee boys go in in fine style, steadily, in a good line, and without any flinching, halt at what is held to be a desirable point, and, at the command commence firing, standing, kneeling, or lying down, as may be ordered. Then, as in all their previous training they have been taught to load and fire as rapidly as possible, three or four times a minute, they go into the business with all fury, every man vieing with his neighbor as to the number of cartridges he can ram into his piece and spit out of it! The smoke arises in a minute or two so you can see nothing or where to aim.

The noise is deafening and confusing to the last degree. The impression gets around of a tremendous conflict going on. The trees in the vicinity suffer sorely, and the clouds a good deal. By-and-by the guns get heated and won't go off, and the cartridges begin to give out. The men have become tired with their furious exertions and the excitement and din of their own firing, and, without knowing anything about the effect produced on the enemy, very likely having scarcely had one glimpse of the enemy at all, begin to think they have fought about enough and it is nearly time to retire. Meanwhile, the enemy, lying quietly a hundred or two yards in front, crouching on the ground or behind trees, answer our fire very leisurely, as they get a chance for a good aim, about one shot to our three hundred, hitting about as many as we do, and waiting for the wild tornado of ammunition to pass over their heads; and when our burst of fighting is pretty much over, they have just commenced. They probably rise and advance upon us with one of their unearthly yells, as they see our fire slacken. Our boys, finding that the enemy has survived such an avalanche of fire as we have rolled in upon him, conclude that he must be invincible, and, being pretty much out of ammunition, retire. I think this Chinese style of fighting will never prove a match for the back-woods style.

We can scarcely believe that the above's true of our own back-woods' regiments. But if it is true of the regiments from the more thickly settled portions of the country, and from the cities, the quicker it is corrected the better.

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### WHAT A CANADIAN THINKS.

One of our Canadian readers, a Reverend gentleman, writes to us as follows:—

"If the Americans wish to have peace, happiness, and good government, let them turn out the present government, appoint a permanent head at Washington, with a ministry responsible to Congress, to govern the country according to the well-understood wishes of the American people, as expressed by their representatives, to remain in power no longer than they can command the confidence of Congress. Under an unbridled democracy they may expect war, confusion, and anarchy, for a long time to come. The sooner the American papers advocate such a measure the better for your splendid country, which only wants peace and good government, to make it the most powerful in the world."

We do not quite see how the above Canadian receipt is to give us peace. If the rebels would lay down their arms, and agree to behave themselves, we think we could have peace and prosperity even without a permanent President. We think our Canadian friend does not see the real difficulty in our American institutions.

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### A PUZZLE.

The following is said to be Johnston's cypher despatch which was found on the person of the soldier who was recently caught carrying percussion caps to Pemberton, at Vicksburg:

*Lieutenant-General Pemberton*—My x s l
v u s l x was v v u f l s j p by the b r e g s
j 200,000 v e g t s u a j n e r p z i f m k will
b e g h o r c s z g d as they n t y m Bragg a
i t p h i n z g a q k c m h b s c when g d s
g i x F will y o l q a s o h y m t w m Do
you y t y m the i i k m r f r s y How and
where is the I s q m s g u g s f t v e h b h j
is your p o e s s? J. E. JOHNSTON.

Which of our readers can give us a speedy solution of the above? Whether any of Grant's officers could study it out, we are not informed.

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### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NATURAL LAWS OF HUSBANDRY. By JUSTUS VON LIEBIG. Edited by John Blyth, M. D. Professor of Chemistry in Queen's College, Cork. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

THE HOLY WORD IN ITS OWN DEFENCE. Addressed to Bishop Colenso and All Other Earnest Seekers After Truth. By Rev. Abiel Silver, of New York. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

THE CASTLE'S HEIR. By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "Verner's Pride," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW; OR, MORALITY AND RELIGION IN THEIR RELATION TO LIFE; an Essay upon the Physics of Creation. By HENRY JAMES. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

## SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

### Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

From a late Monthly Report of the Boston Branch, we copy the following, commending it to attention, not only for the information it contains, and the hints it suggests, but for its appreciation of the work which the people are doing:

"Hearing the statement had been made that Government had on hand 75,000 suits of hospital clothing, and therefore the stores of the Sanitary Commission were useless, an unnecessary and hurtful drain upon the energies of the people, we wrote to Washington a letter of inquiry, to which this is the answer: 'The fact, if it be one, which is very likely, that the Surgeon-General has on hand 75,000 suits of hospital clothing is of no practical use to us. Not one of those suits is meant for field hospitals, of which there may, perhaps, be some 600 or 700 in the country. They are designed only for distribution in the General Hospitals, of which there may be some 150. It is a long time since the Commission has distributed clothing to the General Hospital, which, thanks chiefly to the Medical Department of Government since its reorganization are now as an ordinary thing, well supplied and conducted. Such articles as are not furnished by Government, and delicacies of all kinds, we continue to furnish freely to the General Hospitals, but the great bulk of our stores is required for those in the field. After the next great battle in which the Army of the Potomac will be engaged, our small accumulation of clothing will melt away in a single day.'

"We have lately received a letter from Washington, saying that pickles and domestic Wines are needed, and that their storehouses have none. In the same letter is sent the pattern of a 'Ration Bag,' with the following remarks as to its usefulness:—'The idea is to furnish each soldier with two (one for sugar and one for coffee), to put inside the haversack, so as to keep the two articles from being spoiled, either by being wet from rain, or in crossing streams, or by coming in contact with the greasy pork and bacon.

"'As all have to go into the same bag, the effect is not improving to either article. I speak from experience when I say no little gift would add more to the comfort, cleanliness (internal), and health of the soldier, than just such bags as these. Much of the ration is now lost by clinging to the sides and corners of the haversacks. These bags would save all that.'

"It is difficult for us to understand the needs of the soldiers; only those who have had experience can rightly show us, why this thing that we at home think they *must* have is a burden, and why that thing which we had neglected would be a comfort.

"We shall be glad to furnish the pattern to any who wish it. As it is small, and simple in its make, it seems especially adapted to the hands of children."

In a late report of the Cleveland Branch we have an account of a club of young girls called the 'Alert Club,' whose object is to collect funds for the Working Society. They have a Constitution and elected officers, and by means of monthly and quarterly subscriptions have raised $560 in seven months in a village of 200 inhabitants.

"From what a space of country, what a variety of people, does the Commission draw its precious stores! It is is difficult to connect gray flannel and blue yarn with the thought of a great historical movement; yet our work is really in such connection, and each stocking or shirt we make 'for the soldiers' is portion of a story that has never had its counterpart.

"In our correspondence we find our greatest pleasure and encouragement.—Some of the letters from far off corners of New England, come so full of earnestness and faithful hope, that we long to publish them far and wide, that they might touch and convince some hearts yet unmoved. We feel deeply the advantage of this correspondence, and gladly welcome any new opportunity of such intercourse. One thing only could be better, and that would be a personal acquaintance. A few spoken words can often tell more than a page of writing, and may give a sense of mutual comprehension and sympathy, which tend to make a future correspondence more useful and more pleasant.

"Our receipts still compare most favorably with those of last year, and this is a fact of much significance. The flow of supplies through our hands now, when the old household stores have been exhausted, and new and higher priced material has to be bought, means more than it did a year ago. It means that less money is spent for self, and more for those who suffer and mourn; that we are working, not with a startled sense of power and pain to be relieved, but for our country through her soldiers; that the burden of waiting and toil has been deliberately taken up by us, at home, as our share of sacrifice; it means a steady purpose—constancy to the right, although the cost be great. It is a sign borne past us by the strong current from the heart of the people, a very light upon the Ganges, whose burning promises success and blessing."

We have the pattern of the "Ration Bags," referred to in this article, and we shall be glad to furnish it to any Aid Society, desiring to make them up for the soldiers.

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"Our wives and our children we leave in your care,
We know you will help them their sorrows to bear."

Frequent allusion has been made in our columns to the "Special Relief Committee," and to the fund collected for their use, outside of and separate from the Commission. But of the work which this committee is doing with this *special* fund nothing has been said; and feeling assured that our contributing societies would be interested in hearing something of their labors, we have selected the following cases illustrative:—

The wife of a private in the Corn Exchange regiment applied for assistance. Her husband had received no pay, in consequence of his being in the hospital at Falmouth when his regiment was paid. She owed seven months' rent, and her baker's bill had amounted to $14. She had been sitting up until 2 o'clock at night, upon Government work, until her health gave way from hemorrhages. She has several small children, the youngest three months old. Her name and residence were taken, and her immediate wants relieved. When the regiment was paid the following month she went down to the Exchange and received sufficient money to pay off the above-mentioned debts, together with others of small amount which she had contracted in the neighborhood. This left her a balance of three dollars. The day was wet, her shoes in a miserable condition, the exposure added to her cold, and painful and acute suffering was the result. This poor wife, dying with consumption, occupied a little room scarce larger than a butler's pantry, with her young children. The ton of coal and the barrel of flour, which the "Special Relief" left with her, were needed. "But the city attends to these cases," say some. Yes, the city gives this woman two dollars a week; and how far will this sum go to relieve her need?

Another woman applied for sewing who had not received any of her husband's pay for many months. Upon visiting her, one cold day in March, they found her occupying a small tenement in a court, in the upper part of the city. The room was exquisitely neat. A thread-bare, but clean rag-carpet covered the floor. The stove had very little fire in it, but was freshly blacked. A child was sleeping on a settee—the pillow snow-white. This woman owed her landlord $60; but he had been very kind, and was willing to wait until she received her husband's pay. She had supported herself and children by her needle, and not having been able for some weeks to procure any sewing, she had applied to the Special Relief. They gave her army shirts to make, at 37½ cents apiece, which, she says, "*pays beautifully.*" The ladies, admiring her personal cleanliness and the neatness of her room, spoke in praise of her house. She replied that there was water in her cellar, but while she owed her landlord so much she could not complain; although her physician had told her that unless it was bailed out, sickness would result. The appearance of the woman was delicate in the extreme. A discharged soldier, low with consumption, came to the rooms for assistance. Not many inquiries were made; but, upon visiting him, the case was found to be one of far more suffering than he had represented. He was sleeping on a sack of straw, the bed having been pawned. Even the stockings and shoes of his wife had been disposed of for bread. The room was clean, but almost destitute of furniture of any description. After providing for their most urgent necessities, the Special Relief furnished the wife with sewing, and weekly gives a small sum in addition to the amount that she earns.

The widow of a volunteer, killed at the battle of Williamsburg, who has a family of small children, and who has been confined to her room with a rheumatic affection for the greater part of the winter, was one of the applicants. In six months' time she would receive her pension money; but what was to become of her in the meantime? The Special Relief advance her weekly a small sum, a portion of which she will return to them when her pension is collected.

One other case merits especial attention. A young woman made application for work. Her sorrowful face excited interest—her story still more. Her husband, known to one of the ladies, was a sergeant in Colonel Jones's regiment, afterwards entered the regular service, and was corporal in the 4th United States Artillery. At the time of the battle of the Blackwater he was disabled by a kick from a horse, which he had received in the chest. A letter, which his wife had received from the captain, thus explains how he came to be in the battle:—"Your husband was not on duty, having been in the hospital some days from injuries; and the first that I knew of his being in the engagement, was when he was reported to me wounded. I said to him, 'how came you to go into the fight?' He replied, 'I could not help it when I heard the firing, and knew that I was needed.' He is a gallant soldier; I wish that I had more like him." His wound in the head was of such a nature that his discharge was given to him, although he did not ask it, nor wish it; but the surgeon who gave it knew that he never again would be fit for duty. He had received neither pension nor bounty, and was robbed of a portion of his pay, which he had upon his person, during the two days of insensibility that followed after receiving his wound. Some washing and sewing were given to the wife; and may God help her in her efforts to support her disabled husband, who, had his health been spared, could always have secured to her, with his own strong arm, a comfortable living.

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The duties of the Special Relief Committee are necessarily arduous in guarding against imposition, as well as in preparing the work, and giving it out in proportion to the relative necessities of the applicants.—They are, however, more than rewarded for their unwearied labors by the pleasure of ministering to such necessities; and if our citizens continue to provide them with the means, they will go on with their labors as long as they are needed. All donations in half worn clothing or money, intended for the use of this Committee, should be designated "for the Special Relief," otherwise it is given into the general fund of the U. S. Sanitary Commission.

If the gentlemen of the Union League of this city who are subscribing their hundreds of dollars for the celebration of the Fourth of July were to visit these families, we are sure they would divide with us the sum appropriated for this purpose. While such misery exists, parades and shows are but mockeries. What benefit will be conferred upon the Union League by this celebration, compared with the honor it might reap by becoming the benefactor of these suffering families? Let the army know that "The Union League" is attending to the wants of the wives and children of the volunteers, and it will then have a claim for the influence that it seeks.

### DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Delicacies from Mrs. English, 417 S. Third street, Phila.
1 box, Wilkesbarre, Luzerne county, Ladies' Aid, Mrs. Loop, Sec'y.
1 box lemons, Ladies' Aid, Reading, Pa.
1 box, Ladies' Soldiers' Relief Association, Bethlehem, Mrs. F. J. Huffle, Sec'y.
Drawers, Bethlehem Mite Society, Mrs. N. M. Selfridge, Sec'y.
Clothing, Miss E. Miflin, St. Mark's Church.
2 boxes, Ladies' Aid Society, Bedford, Pa., Mary T. Barclay, Sec'y.
1 box, Aid Society, Christiana, Lancaster county, F. A. Hen, Sec'y.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Northumberland, Mrs. H. Jenkins, Sec'y.
1 barrel, Hillside Aid Society, Kingston, Miss F. N. Owen, Sec'y.
1 box, Mrs. Y. Dunlap.
1 package, G. I. Gross.
1 box, Ladies' Aid Society, Mauch Chunk, R. D. McCleary.
1 large box, Williamsport Union Aid, L. A. Snyder, Corresponding Sec'y.
Delicacies, Miss Hutchinson.
1 box, Mr. and the Misses Robertsons' Schools, Pittston, Luzerne county.
1 box containing 60 glass tubes, A. M. M. McIntosh, Batsto P. O., N. J.
8 shirts, Florence Ladies' Relief.
24 pillow cases, Union Sewing Circle.
Clothing, German Lutheran Church, Manayunk.
1 box, Ladies' Aid Society, Jane Hillborne, Byberry.
Clothing, Ladies' Aid Society, Chambersburg.
1 barrel, 1 keg, Montrose, Miss E. C. Blackman.
Reading matter, Mrs. Chapman Biddle.
1 package old linen from a Friend.
2 boxes, Northwest Soldiers' Association, S. Laura Chase, Sec'y, 2146 Mount Vernon street.
1 box, St. Thomas township, Franklin county.
Clothing, Church of the Holy Trinity, Phila.
Old linen, First Presbyterian Church, Phila.
Delicacies, St. Luke's Auxiliary Society.
Clothing, St. Stephen's Aid Society, Phila.
Clothing, Ladies' Sewing Club, Miss Wagner.
Delicacies and socks, Ladies' Aid Society, Emmanuel Church, Holmesburg.
Reading matter, Mrs. Caldwell Biddle.
1 box, Tunkannock, Schuylkill county.
1 box, Flemington, Clinton county.
1 box, Pittston.
Clothing, etc., Misses Lewis, Spruce street.

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### QUEER MISPRONUNCIATION.

It is a striking fact that names of places are oftenest mispronounced by the inhabitants or people of the neighborhood. Some of these distortions are amusing enough for their wide departure from the true pronunciation. In La Salle half the people call their city "La *Sell*," (and a "dead sell" it is to the reluctant wayfarer, compelled to wait half a day for the train.) Bellfontaine is pronounced "Bell fountain," and everybody in or about Indianapolis calls it "Indianopalis," without scruple or apparent remorse. Evansville goes often by the name of "*Ivansville*," and Terre Haute—(a pretty French name for a fine Yankee town in Indiana, and signifying "High-land,") what do you think they call that? Why, "Terry Hut," to be sure—a sound which seems portentiously indicative of mud cabins, instead of the civilized, and even elegant, architecture which honors the city. But the vice is not peculiar to the West. The older natives of Hartford, Conn., speak of it as "Har'ford" to this day; many citizens of Brunswick, Me., continue to shock the ears of the Bowdoin boys by allusions to "Brumsick;" while half the inhabitants of Portsmouth, N. H., call it—what do you suppose? You couldn't guess in a month of Sundays. You give it up?—of course you do; what *can* they call it but Portsmouth? Why "*Porch*mouth," by all that is ridiculous!

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THE Dry Tortugas, properly called Fort Jefferson, is situated in the waters skirting the coast of Florida. "Dry" it is called, but it stands upon one of an Archipelago of sand banks miles away from any main land, and is, in all its bearings, very wet. Fort Jefferson is on one of the Tortugas group, which covers a nautical area of about twelve miles, and lies in the Gulf, in latitude 24 40 and longitude 82 50. The islands are mere sand heaps, covered, however, with beautiful shells, and surrounded by reefs of white coral. It is a great resort for sea turtles. The Fort is described as a most delightful place. Inside the grounds are beautifully laid out, and contain a commendable display of flower beds and other natural decorations. There are an abundance of trees, prominent among which are the red oak and alanthus. The mosquitoes trouble the latter only to die. But the most attractive tree here is that which bears the cocoa nut. These trees are sprinkled in squads throughout the grounds, and are as grateful to the eye as they are useful for shade. A long coarse grass carpets the sand very acceptably indeed. This is the paradise of forts—as elegant as it is strong and useful.

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A REMARKABLE INSTANCE of the advantage which medical men may derive from chemistry has been published in the reports of the hospital Hotel Dieu, at Paris. A young student wrote a thesis in which he showed that gangrene and deficiency of oxygen were to be regarded as cause and effect. Dr. Laugier, surgeon-in-chief of the hospital, having a case of spontaneous gangrene under his care, proceeded to test the theory. The patient, a man of seventy five years of age, had the disease in one foot, one toe was mortified, and the whole member was *in* danger. The diseased part was enclosed in an apparatus contrived to disengage oxygen continuously, and in a short time the gangrene was arrested, and the foot recovered its healthy condition. A similar experiment tried upon another patient equally aged, was equally successful, from which the inference follows that treatment with oxygen is an effectual remedy for a disease which too often infests hospitals.

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☞ Rev. Mr. Woodworth states that *one* hundred Catholic priests are now cab-drivers in Paris.

## CHANGES IN VEGETATION.

There is an essay by a Danish botanist, *Frederic Schouro*, upon the plants of Pompeii, which has recently been translated, both into German and English, and which contains, apparently, some valuable reflections. The substance of it is well brought together in the last number of Blackwood.

We seem naturally to expect that the same class of trees and plants will grow for age after age on the same spot. But an inspection of the pictures preserved in Pompeium, no less than an examination of Virgil and other classics of that day, shows not only that what we call "the everlasting hills," have arisen and sunk, lakes have been formed, the shore risen and fallen, cities overwhelmed and uncovered, but the very character of the plants and trees has been greatly changed in Italy within the last eighteen hundred years.

Then the trees and plants of Italy had a far more *Northern* aspect than now it would seem. The early settlers on these shores, found a forest region of common deciduous trees now driven back to the scantily clothed Appenines. The beech-forest, says Schouro, is called the symbol of Danish character. It *used* to flourish in Italy. Some of the trees of which Virgil celebrates the grandeur, are now not only scarce, but it is difficult to ascertain their precise character. But the region which he celebrates was not then the land emphatically of the cypress and the myrtle, but rather of the oak, ash, linden, wych-elm and beech. Trees very much like our own, formed the forests of which he sang.

But in the course of these centuries, without any particular change in the climate, the evergreen species seem to have gradually been supplanting the deciduous, the foreign, the indigenous. Southern vegetation seems to have crept upwards, and the characteristic trees and shrubs and plants of Italy now have, therefore, a far more Southern appearance than they had when Virgil sang or Cicero declaimed.

In Greece, also, the linden, the yew, the beech, the alder, the cornel and the ash have almost entirely disappeared. Instead of these, another class of plants, thick-leaved, hard-leaved, down-covered bushes, mostly evergreen, have taken the place.

In Pompeii, we find, in the frescos, indeed, representations of the vine, the olive, the laurel, the ilex, the fig. But the orange, lemon and citron, for which Italy is now so famous, were know to Pliny only as *foreign* plants. The citron was cultivated only in the third year after Christ, lemons came with the Saracens, and oranges were brought by the Portuguese from the East, while the aloe and Indian fig came from America. The white, or silkworm mulberry was unknown to the Pompeians, and only commenced to be cultivated in the sixth century. Silks were imported by the Romans from the East. Barley used to be cultivated in Italy for the common people, but rice and Indian corn were never thought of; now they are staples. Cotton, now extensively grown at the foot of Mount Vesuvius is of modern introduction.

The same change which has been going on there has apparently been going on everywhere, as civilized man has developed. At first, by great care and pains, southern plants have, by protection, been reared; then they have become hardy, then indigenous, and thus the fruits and flowers and trees of the south are every creeping up northward.

What is more singular is, that man himself is, in some of his characteristics, undergoing the same change. We all know the tendency of Northern tribes to emigrate Southward; but, when they do, they very rapidly degenerate, or at leat acquire all the Southern peculiarities of dark skin, dark eyes and dark hair. But very different is the result of Southern men emigrating Northward. Their descendants *retain* the dark eyes and hair; so that throughout Europe, and especially in Germany, the flaxen-haired inhabitants seem dying out, and the brunettes swallow up the blondes. This has been thought by Prof. Draper to be owing to civilization equalizing the temperature, the fires and furs creating a Southern climate for man even almost to the North Pole. But a late writer in Blackwood seems to think that it is rather because of the creeping up of Southern races to the Northward and retaining their physical peculiarities, just as we have seen Southern plants learn to live where they could not formerly. Perhaps cotton may grow some day in Hudson's Bay and Southern planters climb up there, a hardy race, to cultivate it.

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☞ The rebels profess to be greatly concerned for the maintenance of the Constitution of the United States. Which of them, if the provisions of that Constitution were enforced, would remain unhung?

☞ Speaking of rhubarb, cooks, who know its extreme acidity, will appreciate the rule of the good woman in Pittsfield; "Throw in sugar as long as your conscience will let you; then shut your eyes and throw in a handful more."

☞ While the soldiers were searching the passengers on a train recently, one of them discovered no less than *seven* revolvers hid in a lady's bosom. Gathering up the pistols he politely remarked to the lady: "Madam, your breastworks seem to be iron-clad."

## NEWS ITEMS.

INSANITY CHECKED BY THE WAR.—Dr. Bellows stated in his speech before the American Unitarian Association, that, in the midst of the unprecedented excitement of the last two years, the amount of insanity in the country has materially decreased from what it was in time of peace. The substitution of a noble and healthy excitement for ignoble and degrading agitations of mind thus shows itself by the most delicate of tests.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE was offered two thousand pounds sterling a year, for five years, if he would lend his name as editor to a magazine, without having the labor of being the acting editor, but declined.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has finished two volumes of his Life of Cæsar. Two more are under way. It is said he means to break up and divide the Academy if the members do not admit him in consideration of his work.

A LETTER from Vicksburg of the 11th says:—"Yesterday Judge Lowe, of Keokuk, Iowa, had an interview with Gen. Grant, and in reply to a question when Vicksburg would be taken, the general replied: "I can take it any hour; but in making an immediate attack I would sacrifice the lives of many valuable men, whereas there is not, in my estimation, any occasion for such sacrifice. The enemy are completely surrounded, and are short of both provisions and ammunition. They are losing from 80 to 100 every day by desertion, and I am not at all apprehensive of the results consequent upon an attack in my rear. My force is adequate either to whip the rebels by force of arms or by starvation. I prefer the latter course, inasmuch as it demoralizes their army and does not decimate mine.'"

THE news from North Carolina is very important. The Union men are in possession of a tract of land 350 miles long by 150 wide, and all the inland seas and rivers are filled with their gunboats. The Unionists of East Tennessee and Western North Carolina have organized whole regiments of deserters and conscripts from the rebel army. Twenty thousand of these men have offered to join the Federal army as soon as a military post shall be established at Raleigh. The rebel citizens have petitioned the government for protection against this organization, and have been told to take care of themselves.

THE rebel General Forrest is dying from the effect of wounds received lately at Spring Hill. The injuries were received in a quarrel about a female.

GOV. SEYMOUR has issued an order for the formation of a National Guard in New York, each Assembly district to form one regiment. The order does not affect New York City or Brooklyn.

WE learn from General Hooker's army that the several corps are steadily assuming the positions respectively assigned to them. The 1st army corps on Sunday marched 23 miles, on Monday 15, and on Tuesday 30 miles. This, considering the intense heat of the weather and previous long marches, is an extraordinary performance. The distance the corps marched yesterday is not known, but was probably 20 miles. Other corps have made rapid marches, but none have accomplished so great a distance.—*Tribune of the 20th.*

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☞ A man in Michigan, not long since, committed suicide by drowning. As the body could not be found, the coroner held an inquest on his hat and bottle, found on the bank of the lake. Verdict—"found empty."

☞ Crazy as George the Third was said to have been, there was evidently method in his madness at times. Speaking to Archbishop Sutton of his large family, he used the expression—"I believe your grace has better than a dozen?" "No, sir," replied the Archbishop, "only eleven." "Well," rejoined the King, "is not that better than a dozen?"

☞ A Massachusetts judge has decided that a husband may open his wife's letters, on the ground—so often and so tersely stated by Mr. Theophilus Parsons of Cambridge—that "the husband and wife are one, and the husband is that one!"

☞ When a Digger Indian gets the small-pox, he closes the door of his hut, kills his dog, and then shoots himself. For arresting a contagion we can imagine no plan more simple or effectual.

WHEN lovely woman longs to marry
And snatch a victim from the beaux,
What charm the soft design will carry,
What art will make the men propose?
The only art, her schemes to cover,
To give her wishes sure success,
To gain, to fix a captive lover,
And wring his bosom, is—TO DRESS.

☞ It is perfectly natural that physicians generally should have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else—because they are more likely to see-sickness.

☞ "I am surprised, wife, at your ignorance," said a pompous fellow. "Have you never seen any books at all?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "in a number of cases."

☞ Love is to domestic life what butter is to bread—it possesses little nourishment in itself, but gives substantials a relish, without which they would be hard to swallow.

☞ MAKE A BEGINNING.—Remember in all things that if you do not begin you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed in the ground, the first shilling put in the savings bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey are all important things; they make a beginning and thereby a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of industry and amendment, he had only made a beginning.

"WHISTLING girls and good fat sheep,
Are the best stock a man can keep."

## LATEST NEWS.

### The Rebel Invasion.

HARRISBURG, June 21.—Reliable advices indicate that the rebel force has increased largely about Hagerstown. They have 16 pieces of cannon. A detachment of the 1st New York Cavalry captured a number of prisoners yesterday, and the 127th Pennsylvania also captured several.

The rebel pickets are within five miles of Greencastle, and a cavalry force advanced to Gettysburg and captured horses and other property.

Our troops have fortified Chambersburg.

The rebels have occupied the town of Frederick, Maryland, with a small force, and have thrown out pickets thirteen miles towards Baltimore.

### Miscellaneous.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—Dispatches dated the 15th and 16th have been received from Vicksburg. The siege works are still progressing with vigor. General Grant was receiving reinforcements.

Dispatches of the 12th and 13th say that the bombardment of Port Hudson was continued. The gunboat Essex is reported captured by the rebels at Port Hudson, and several gunboats disabled.

The famous rebel iron-clad ship Atlantic, formerly the British steamer Fingal, has been captured off the coast of Georgia, by two Federal iron-clads.

FORTRESS MONROE, June 21.—Richmond papers of yesterday state that the city of Darien, Ga., was burned by the Federals on the 11th inst., and is now one plain of ashes and blackened chimneys.

Mr. Vallandigham has run the blockade from Wilmington, N. C. He is going to Nassau, and from thence to Canada.

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☞ A man may see clearly through a woman's coquetry, and yet fall a victim to it; like the nightingale which sits on a tree, and sees the net spread beneath, and yet hops straight into it.

☞ Persons who are always innocently good-humored and cheerful are very useful in the world. They not only maintain peace and happiness, but spread a glow of sunshine among those with whom they associate.

☞ The following advertisement appeared in a recent issue of an English paper:—"A clergyman wishes to exchange his two little girls, aged 9 and 7, either together or separately, for two boys." He should wait till they are older.

☞ Our Cockney contributor, who has recently been shaved at a mock auction concern, sends us the following:—"Ven you vants to be did, go to a public vendoo."

☞ An American in London writes of Bulwer to the Boston Commonwealth:—"And there is Bulwer! Of him I can only say that it was a most graphic description which his wife gave when she said he had 'the head of a goat on the body of a grasshopper.'"

☞ An English writer says in his advice to young married women, that their mother Eve married a gardener. It might be added that in consequence of this match he lost his situation.

☞ At a hotel table one day, one boarder remarked to his neighbor: "This must be a healthy place for chickens." "Why?" asked the other. "Because I never see any *dead ones* hereabouts."

☞ Brigham Young in one of his recent Sunday "sermons" bragged of the beauty of his wives, and one of the "brethren" claimed to have *fifty nine* children, and defied any of the followers of the faith to show a more prolific record!

☞ Rev. Henry Ward Beecher sailed for Europe last Saturday, to be absent four months. "Why is it," says the Portland Transcript, "we never hear of worn-out editors being sent abroad by their patrons for health and recreation?"

☞ The late Stonewall Jackson at various periods of his life was afflicted with different forms of hypochondria. One of the manias was to believe that everthing he eat went down and lodged in his left leg! At another time he would never eat except by the watch, at the precise moment; and he would take out his watch, lay it on the table, and eat at that moment. If the meal was behindhand, he would not eat at all.

☞ QUESTION AND ECHO.—Have you got an erysipelas? *Echo*—'Nary sipelas.

☞ SWINE.—The difference between a party of topers and their wine is but slight—an S.

☞ At the annual dinner of the Royal Geographical Society of London, on the 25th of May, the Right Honorable Spencer Wright, M. P., when returning thanks for a toast given to the "House of Commons," alluded to the civil war in America, and said that they had just received the lamentable news that Stonewall Jackson, one of the noblest descendants of the English race, was no more. At this illusion to the rebel general the wildest enthusiasm prevailed among those present. Several of the leading London papers mourn over the loss of Jackson.

☞ The late Judge M—— was said in his early life to be very fond of a game of cards and was reputed to be quite a proficient in all the mysteries of euchre, high-low-jack, bluff, etc., etc. While holding the circuit in one of the western counties, the counsel for the plaintiff was examining a rather reluctant witness, and in the course of his examination put some questions to the witness which was objected to by the judge as improper. This was repeated again and again, in different forms, until the judge, quite out of patience, called out to the plaintiff's counsel, "Mr. B——, if you have got any trumps you had better play them, and not undertake to 'nig any more!"

## LIFE AND DEATH.

BY ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOR.

"What is life, father?"
"A battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail,
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail.
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not, day nor night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, father?"
"The rest, my child,
When the strife and toil are o'er;
The angel of God, who calm and mild
Says we need fight no more:
Who driveth away the demon band,
Bids the din of battle cease;
Takes the banner and spear from the failing hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, father! I tremble and fear
To yield in that terrible strife."
"The crown must be won for heaven, dear,
In the battle field of Life.
My child, tho' thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small;
The angels of heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all."

## THE MAD SAVANT.

### A STORY OF THE GRAND ARMY.

"Just take a look in here before you go, my dear friend, at No. 45; it is a curious case; and presently over our wine in the balcony I will tell you the story," said Dr. Frochot, the famous mad doctor of Berlin to me, with professional *sang-froid*. The doctor, as he spoke, slid aside the little round piece of brass that hid a glazed aperture in the wall, and then took an elaborate pinch of snuff, while I looked through it into the cell of No. 45. It was a small, bare room, with no furniture but a trestle-bed, one chair, and a small triangular table. At this table sat a tall, thin gray-haired man, with a vacant, care-worn face, who was busy counting a heap of those round, prismatic pieces of glass that are used as ornaments to chandeliers. Having counted them some twenty times over, he proceeded to breathe on each of them, and then, one by one, to rub them, and hold them to the light. Suddenly he rose, drew himself to his full length, struck his forehead, as if he was in pain there, or as if some momentary flash of reason had lighted up his mind, then gave a loud shriek, and fell in a swoon upon the floor.

I replaced the brass slide with an involuntary sigh. "He has swooned; should he not have help, Dr. Frochot?" said I to my friend, the mad doctor.

"No; he is often so," replied the imperturbable doctor; "he will be better when he comes to. We never visit patients but at regular hours. If we were always visiting patients, what time should we poor doctors have for ourselves?"

Some ten minutes later, the doctor and myself were seated in the balcony of one of the pleasantest houses in Berlin, watching the little heart-shaped leaves of the lime-trees waver and flutter in the street below, as we smoked our cigars and sipped our *Hochheimer*. It was a quiet street in the suburbs, and that part of the house where the patient was confined was far away from us, and separated from the quarter that the doctor inhabited by a large garden, and thus no groan or shriek could reach us. A pale, fat man, a recovered patient, waited on us, and the children from time to time ran out to us, laughing and shouting, from the inner rooms. As it began to get dusk, and the air grew cooler, and the first star sparkled over the General Graufenciau's house opposite, the doctor, planting one foot on the upper ledge of the balcony, and resting the other on a china garden seat, began his story:

You must know, my dear friend, that in 1812—that is to say, exactly eighteen years ago—I, then a mere lad, accompanied the French army to Russia. I was surgeon in Davout's corps, and was often in the Emperor's tent. No. 45—then a well-known astronomer in Berlin—was also with the Grand Army, having been expressly commanded by Napoleon to make observations on the climate of Russia, and to record its variations. His name was Krautzer, and he was well known at that time in Berlin as an acute observer of great industry and sagacity, but of an envious and avaricious spirit, that had led him to waste much time in alchemic pursuits, which he had finally abandoned in disgust, only to give himself altogether up to place-hunting and money-making. We knew each other by sight, and I frequently saw him both during the advance and the retreat. The story I tell you is partly from my own knowledge, and partly from the mouth of his intimate friends, many of whom were acquaintances of mine.

But let me delay for a moment, my dear friend, to recall the glories of that vast army of three hundred thousand men that crossed into Russia. Only yesterday an old country woman was brought to see me, who had beheld that army pass her cottage. She described Napoleon as sitting on her small table, alternately consulting his maps, and cutting huge slices from a loaf that lay on the table. All his marshals were round him, and all day the troops moved past the doorway in dusty columns. The country girls were peeping in at the window, to catch a glimpse of the Emperor. "Why do you look at me?" he said good-naturedly to one of the prettiest, chucking her under the chin as he spoke. "I am a poor little fellow. Look at these fine tall fellows" (pointing to Davout and Murat). The old woman who told me this had a head that kept nodding with the palsy; and it took one years back to fancy her young, graceful, and pretty. But that little story recalled to my mind how our army looked when we arrived at Gjat, just before the affair at Borodino.

We all know what happened then. The Emperor rose at three in the morning, called for a glass of punch, sent Rapp for the reports, and transacted business with Berthier till five; then mounted on horseback, and ordered the drums to beat and the trumpets to sound. "It is the enthusiasm of Austerlitz," he said, as he rode forward, and the troops began to cheer. We lost ten thousand men, the Russians fifteen thousand. But a few days after the Russians retreated, and we advanced straight on Moscow.

I daresay you have read a dozen times about this famous battle, but I cannot resist—pardon an old soldier—briefly reminding you of its chief points. The Russians were in a strong position, strengthened by field works; their right flank rested on an intrenched wood; a brook running through a deep ravine covered their right wing; from the village of Borodino the left extended to Lemonskoie, another village, protected by ravines and thickets in front, secured by redoubts and batteries; while in the centre, on an elevation, rose a double battery, that commanded the whole line.

Davout wanted to turn their left, but Napoleon thought the plan too dangerous. Poniatowski therefore attacked their right and centre; while Ney tried to storm the redoubt in the centre; and Prince Eugene broke into Lemonskoie. If Napoleon had brought up his reserve of the Young Guard, the Russian retreat would have been a rout; and if Davout had got in their rear, Kutusow would have been unable to have retreated on the capital.

*Ma foi!* those peasants in the gray frocks, encouraged by their bearded priests, with their painted images, fought like Turks, and would take or give no quarter. With nearly twenty thousand men wounded, and thirty generals *hors-de combat*, you may imagine that I had a busy time of it the day after the battle. I was the chief doctor in the great convent of Kolotskoi, where our wounded were brought. We had no lint or anything, and our hussars had to scour the country for linen and beds. I was up to my waist in legs and arms; and at night, when I went out to take a breath of fresh air, as tired as any butcher on market-day, the groans from that great building rose as from a dying giant.

On the night of the 11th, Napoleon being uncertain whether the Russians had taken the road to Moscow or Kalouga, was informed by Jewish spies that Kutusow had really fallen back on the capital. The next morning we were to advance on Krymskoie. We were all in high spirits; even the poor wounded cheered faintly when I reported the news in the hospital.

That same night, as I was walking round the bivouac fires, just to observe how the soldiers took the news, I came upon a singular group near a clump of firs, at the east end of the convent garden. There was Krautzer, whom I knew perfectly by sight, and a Jew spy, tormenting an old Russian peasant, who knelt before them. They had each got a lighted brand, and were, I suppose, going to torture him into some sort of confession. Two or three soldiers, in their bear-skin caps and gray greatcoats, were leaning on their muskets, and laughing as they watched them. The Jew was a lean, haggard man, with a dry, thin, wrinkled face, and withered eyes, that looked like dried currants. As he stood there in his greasy caftan and dirty boots, drawn over his trowsers, I thought he might have passed muster for the very spirit of Avarice himself.

"Burn his beard off, great sir!" I heard him say to Krautzer; "I tell you he knows all about the Rostopchin Palace."

"And the celebrated Rostopchin jewels?" said Krautzer eagerly.

"Yes, everything. He was steward's man to the prince, and knows all the family secrets." Then he held his torch close to the eyes of the wretched peasant, who shrank into a heap, and screamed for mercy.

"Burn his fingers off!" cried the Jew.

"Mercy! mercy! and I'll tell all," cried the peasant. "All the finest jewels are kept in a malachite cabinet, under the floor of the third bedroom to the right, on the third story, as you go up the grand staircase."

"He's lying," said the Jew; "my great sir, burn his toes off—do burn his toes off."

I was just going to interfere, and had indeed spoken to Krautzer apart, much to his indignation, when an old soldier came up, and striking the Jew with the but-end of his musket, told him, with an oath, not to ill-treat the Russian.

"We owe them a turn," he said, "and we'll singe them with our cannon; but once prisoners, brave men should be merciful. Now, then, old Muscovite, run for your life, and no Jew or savant shall hurt you while I've a cartridge left. I've got an old father home in Auvergne just your age. Go, *mon enfant*."

The old Russian did not probably understand a word the old *moustache* said to him, but he saw that Krautzer and the Jew were restrained by some one or other, and he saw the wood to which the grenadier pointed. That was enough. In a moment, he blundered through the fire, and ran off as hard as his old legs could carry him; and as I returned to the hospital, hearing the soldiers' laughter, I looked back, and saw the Jew, nose on ground, stealing like a blood-hound on the track of the old Russian. But I thought no more of it. Hard work drove all other thoughts out of my mind, and I had my large family, my twenty thousand men, to look after.

At sunrise on the 14th of September, the vanguard reached a hill called the Mount of Salvation, and where the pilgrims kneel and pray before entering the holy city.

"Moscow! Moscow!" cried a hundred thousand voices. The steeples and gilt domes shone in the sun; the huge triangular Kremlin, half palace, half citadel, rose above the trees.

As I stood among the crowd, I heard two harsh voices at my elbow. One said: "Where—where is it?" The other replied: "That is the Rostopchin Palace there among the trees, to the left of the Kremlin, by the Kolomna Gate. All will soon be ours now."

I looked round; it was Krautzer and that carrion-crow of a Jew. They were evidently thinking of the Rostopchin jewels.

"Monsieur Krautzer," I said, "have you not heard that Marshal Mortier has forbidden all pillage?"

"I suppose we may take keepsakes," he replied. "But to what do you refer?"

"I was thinking," I replied, "of the malachite cabinet in the Rostopchin Palace."

"A peasant's lie," said Krautzer, pale with anger and confusion, as he spurred on his horse, and joined the vanguard. That man had but one thought now. The beast of a Jew ran by his stirrup. How or where he had picked up this man, or what common interest brought them together I never could learn.

Presently the news came that the two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants of Moscow had left the city. It was ours. No one was left in Moscow but beggars and thieves, and we entered the city soon after noon.

While others sought the Kremlin or the bazaars, the churches or the cafes, I employed myself in selecting a fit place for the wounded to winter in. When I had made my arrangements, under the guidance of a Cossack officer, a prisoner, I stopped at a great gateway, next door to our new quarters, and asked to what palace that led.

"That is the Rostopchin Palace, Frenchman," said the prisoner, "and contains furniture worth half a million of rubles, all left for your Corsican's plunderers."

"We are no thieves," I said. "Marshal Mortier, the new governor of Moscow, is ordered on pain of death, to prevent all pillage."

"Ha!" says he, "look there; they have begun already."

I looked up to where he pointed; there were two men tearing down some shutters, and thrusting their heads out of a window on the third story. I looked; it was Krautzer and that accursed Jew. They were evidently in full cry after those Rostopchin diamonds.

"Take charge of this officer," I said to the picket of grenadiers that accompanied me, "and wait below. I have business here."

"Another of Marshal Mortier's robbers," muttered the Cossack; but I did not deign a reply.

I leaped through the shattered door, and in a moment was up the staircase. That moment a gun was discharged, and a bullet shivered the balustrade that my hand rested upon. I drew my sword, and ran into a room on the third story where the door was open.

I stumbled over a still smoking musket. There, in the half-lit room, with light streaming through the broken shutters, were Krautzer and the Jew, bending over a hole in the floor, from whence they had removed two layers of cedar-planks and much plaster and fresh earth. There, between them, was the malachite cabinet—the forced-off lid carefully replaced.

I was in a furious rage at the attempted assassination. "I don't know which of you it was who shot at me," said I, "but one of you it was. If it was this cursed Jew—who already I know to be a spy, and half suspect to be a murderer—I will kill him on the spot. If you, Monsieur Krautzer, I shall report you to Marshal Mortier."

"I know what you want," said Krautzer, sullenly looking up. "Don't swagger. You want your share; well, then, here take it;" and so saying, he threw off the lid of the malachite cabinet with a hideous grin of triumph. It was empty; its velvet-lined recesses still bore the impress of tiaras, carcanets, chains, and bracelets. "You see we were too late; other men had the fruit, and left the shell for us. As for the shot, we took you for a stray Russian, and being here alone, feared violence. For that shot, a thousand pardons, my dear doctor; but pray, keep this casket as a small remembrance of Moscow."

I left the room with a curse, dashing the malachite box to pieces with a kick of my foot, and saw no more of Krautzer and his Jew for many a day, although I heard a rumor, that he had undertaken, for several thousand rubles, to convey back to France a Russian lady of rank, whose husband had been taken prisoner at Wilna, and sent to the Temple. I never knew a man so transformed by a lust for wealth as that Krautzer—fame, science, honor had all been sacrificed to that moloch.

That night, our ruin began—the Russians fired Moscow, the flames first breaking out in the coachmakers' warehouses. From that moment, the Emperor knew it was all over with him. The fatal retreat soon after began.

Every day matters grew worse and worse. When one morning, on 6th November, at Dorogobuj, the first snow-flakes fell large as half-crowns, the Russian prisoners smiled bitterly, for they knew well what was coming. From that day, it grew worse and worse—thicker and thicker; and the Cossacks skimmed round us like Arabs round a plague-struck caravan. As Segur says grandly in his great work:—"In this vast wreck, the army, like a great ship tossed by a tremendous tempest, threw into that vast weltering sea of ice and snow all that could impede its progress." First, plunder, guns, arms, powder, shot; then the wounded, the women, the sick, sutlers, prisoners, standards. At the convent of Kolotskoi, it went to my heart to find thousands of my poor wounded dead, and the rest, whom we could not move, crowding to the door, lame and bandaged, stretching out their arms, and praying us to take them with us. There was no ford but some wagons or guns were abandoned at it; no storm of Cossacks but swept off some miserable stragglers; no bivouac fire lit but in the morning some of our wretched soldiers were found dead, with their feet half-burned off, and their hair frozen to the ground.

Pounded corn and horse-flesh had gradually been superseded by birch-bark and saw-dust loaves. The Emperor gave orders to destroy one-half the wagons, so as to use the horses and draught oxen to help forward the artillery. Many of the cavalry, by the time we reached Studzianka—and many even of the Sacred Squadron, the five hundred officers who formed the bodyguard of the Emperor—were dismounted. Some of our men had their bleeding feet bandaged with rags, to replace their worn-out shoes. There were generals wrapped in women's pelisses. All discipline was rapidly going.

During the retreat, I had frequent glimpses of Krautzer, who was always followed by that carrion-crow of a Jew. The day we left Moscow, I had seen him riding beside the sumptuous carriage that contained the Russian lady of rank whom he had undertaken to convey to Paris. A day or two later, when we halted at the lake of Semelin, to throw into it the ancient armor, cannon, the great cross of Ivan, and other trophies of Moscow, the carriage had disappeared, and Krautzer and his charge were both mounted on horses. There was no sun visible, and the thick fog had suddenly changed into a heavy snow, that blew round us, and almost blinded the soldiers. Emaciated, dirty, and unshaven, our men already had begun to look more like hungry brigands than grenadiers of the Grand Army. It was on this day that the Emperor himself dismounted, seized a musket, and marched at the head of the Old Guard, to encourage them. When I shut my eyes, I can see him now, with the stern, gripped mouth and the broad white forehead, over which one black tress of hair fell. I was riding quietly along with the vanguard, wrapped in thought, when one of my assistant-surgeons tapped me on the shoulder, and pointed at Krautzer.

"Look at that man, Monsieur Frochot," he said; "observe how his holsters are stuffed out. The soldiers tell me they are full of jewels that he stole from a palace in Moscow. *Parbleu!* I would give a hatful of diamonds now myself to be safe in the Boulevards."

"And look at that poor woman, *camarades*," said a grenadier from the ranks—"how frightened she is of him; they say he beats her if she lags behind, he is so afraid of the Cossacks. Brute! I should like to put a bullet through him!"

"And here comes that Jew that never loses sight of him," cried a third fellow, with a red rag round his forehead—"follows him like a weasel does a wounded rabbit. I'd shoot that Jew if he followed me so. Ugh! how this snow blows in one's eyes!"

Worse and worse; you could trace our march by long lines of snow-hillocks; the graves of our unhappy soldiers. Four days from Smolensko, where we hoped to get food, I saw the poor Russian lady riding in a sutler's wagon, the next day on a gun-carriage. The day after that, I met her walking with almost bare feet, clinging to an old soldier, who had taken compassion on her; her hair was dishevelled, her rich dress had turned to rags. A day before we reached Smolensko, I came upon her body among a heap of camp followers who had been speared by the Cossacks. The snow already had partly covered her. I stopped for a moment, and even in the cruel selfishness of that terrible retreat, covered her face with some snow. Poor woman, at last her sufferings were over; she was beyond the reach of pain, sorrow, and hunger. As for that wretch Krautzer, he, intent on saving his plunder, was riding hotly on to Smolensko, hoping to be first to reach the ovens, where the Jews were baking bread for the army. At the sight of Smolensko, with its half-burned walls and dismantled towers, hope once more revisited our hearts, we waved our flags and bayonets, and hurried headlong to the ovens.

I found an infuriated mob of soldiers besieging the doors of the bakehouse where rations were to be distributed. Alarmed at their menaces, the frightened Jews were handing out lumps of the unbaked dough. Hundreds of bayonets were tossing in the air, muskets were discharging, and here and there men were actually fainting with hunger on doorsteps, within arm's-length of the crowd. All order and discipline were gone, and amid a group of infuriated men screaming for more bread, officers were seen clamoring loudly as the meanest camp-follower.

Foremost among these, more cowardly and more importunate than any, I saw Krautzer; he was mounted on a strong artillery-horse, and the well-stuffed holsters were still conspicuous objects on his saddle. He was breasting his way to the front among the cursing soldiers, and the Jew was clinging to his stirrup-leather. His arms were up in the air entreating for bread, and the bayonets were all round him before and behind, and on the right hand and on the left, so that he could not move them either up or down.

"Shoot the savant!" cried a drummer, on whom his horse had trodden; "soldiers first, savants after. Why didn't he foresee the bad weather?"

"Bread, bread, accursed Jews! bread, dear Jews!" screamed out Krautzer, alternately wheedling and threatening.

"Bread, or we'll slay every Jew!" shouted the soldiers, tearing the dough to pieces as the Jew-bakers threw it in great white lumps among them, fierce as sharks fighting for a bait.

I was about four ranks off from Krautzer, and was waiting patiently for my turn, when my attention was drawn to the Jew at the savant's side. He was bending down and evidently cutting at the savant's holsters with a thick, sharp knife. I was fascinated with the sight; so fascinated, that I lost all thought of giving the alarm, though amid the war of four or five thousand hoarse voices, it is not possible that any alarm I could have given could have reached him. Suddenly I saw the holsters slide off, and the Jew stoop down and crawl under the horse's belly, and winding through the crowd, disappear down a side-alley.

"I think," said I to an officer next me, "that a Jew has robbed that man in front of us. I saw him cut off his holsters."

"*Cha!*" said the officer I addressed; "this is no time to look after thieves. Here, Jews—bread, bread; I'm starving; bread, Jew, or I'll fire my pistol."

Presently from the ravenous crowd Krautzer emerged, devouring a huge lump of dough, tearing it with his hands, and cramming it in huge morsels into his mouth.

"Is there more to be got, Monsieur Krautzer?" I said.

"I don't know or care," said the wretch; "it is every one for himself now. I'm off to Wilna."

At that moment, Krautzer's eyes happened to fall upon his saddle; he saw that his holsters were gone. He turned pale as a corpse, then suddenly his eyes kindled with the fire of incipient madness, and he drew his sword and advanced upon me.

"Villain! thief! it is you," he said, "give me the jewels, or I'll cut you to pieces.

"Put up that sword, fool," I said, "or I'll shoot you down as I would a Cossack. It was that Jew who cut off your holsters, and ran down that lane."

The sword fell from Krautzer's hands; his eyes rolled in their sockets; he flung up his arms, rose in his stirrups, gave a ghastly scream, and then sank into a half-paralysed heap on the saddle, and rode slowly off down the lane I had indicated.

From that hour the savant's reason failed him; that shock had stricken him to the brain; his conduct became gradually more and more wild and raving. He rode up and down among the ranks of the vanguard, like a madman, seeking for the Jew, calling his name, threatening him with death, praying him to take half the jewels, and surrender the rest. At last, raving, and threatening a general with his sword, Krautzer was arrested, and sent to the rear with the sick. It was then I was sent to see him, and pronounced him mad.

I need scarcely remind you of the horrors of the Beresina, when about thirty thousand of our soldiers perished. I, however, passed my wounded over early in the day, and escaped safe to Wilna. Krautzer has been with me ever since, the Prussian Government paying for his support. He will never recover; his brain is softening; I give him two years longer to live.

The rascal Jew was never again heard of; but a year or so after my return, I happened to see an advertisement in an Amsterdam paper, announcing the sale of some valuable jewels, diamond brooches, sapphire necklace, and tiaras—"rarest water," "greatest lustre," &c—the property of Moses Levi.—The next paper contained a paragraph stating that the jewels previously advertised had been bought in by one of the leading jewellers of Paris for the Rostopchin family, to whom it had been discovered they belonged, having been stolen during the time that the French held Moscow. These were the fatal jewels for which Krautzer had committed so many crimes.

Thanking the doctor for his interesting story, I rose to go, for it was getting late.—As he opened the front door for me, a tall, pale, thin woman, clothed in black, glided into the house, and passed into the porter's room.

"There," said the doctor, "behold a proof of the imperishability of woman's love! Talk of asbestos—talk of granite; that poor woman, twenty years ago, was engaged to be married to Krautzer. She visits him every day, and has done so for years. He does not know her, and he does not care for her visits; still she comes.—Have another cigar, to smoke going home? You won't? Very well. Good-night."

## A MORMON WEDDING.

A Mormon newspaper gives the following account of the formalities observed when a "saint" espouses "supplementary" wives:

"No man in Utah, who already has a wife, and who wishes to espouse another, has any right to make any propositions of marriage to a lady, until he has consulted the President over the whole church, and through him obtains a revelation from God, as to whether it would be pleasing in His sight. If he is forbidden by revelation, that ends the matter: if, by revelation, the privilege is granted, he still has no right to consult the feelings of the young lady, until he has obtained the approbation of her parents, provided they are living in Utah; if their consent cannot be obtained, this also ends the matter. But if the parents or guardians freely give their consent, then he may make propositions of marriage to the young lady; if she refuses these propositions, this also ends the matter; but if she accept, a day is generally set apart by the parties for the marriage ceremony to be celebrated. It is necessary to state that before any man takes the least step towards getting another wife, it is his duty to consult the feelings of the wife he already has, and obtain her consent. When the day set apart for the solemnization of the marriage ceremony has arrived, the bridegroom and his wife, and also the bride, together with their relatives, and such other guests as may be invited, assemble at the place which they have appointed. The Scribe then proceeds to take the names, ages, native towns, counties, states and countries of the parties to be married, which he carefully enters on record. The Prophet, Seer and Revelator is over the whole church throughout the world, and who alone holds the keys of authority in this solemn ordinance (as recorded in the fifth paragraph of the revelation on marriage,) calls upon the bridegroom and his wife, and the bride, to arise, which they do, fronting the President. The wife stands on the right hand of her husband, while the bride stands on the left. The President then puts this question to the wife: 'Are you willing to give this woman to your husband to be his lawful and wedded wife, for time and for eternity? If you are, you will manifest it by placing her right hand in the right hand of your husband.' The right hand of the bridegroom and bride being thus joined, the wife takes the husband by the left arm, as if in the attitude of walking. The President then proceeds to ask the following questions of the man: 'Do you, brother, (calling him by name,) take sister, (calling the bride by name,) by the right hand to receive her unto yourself, to be your lawful and wedded wife, and you to be her lawful and wedded husband, for time and for all eternity, with a covenant and promise, on your part, that you will fulfil all the laws, rites and ordinances pertaining to this holy matrimony, in the new and everlasting covenant, doing this in the presence of God, angels, and these witnesses, of your free will and choice?' The bridegroom answers 'yes.' The President then says: 'In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, I pronounce you legally and lawfully husband and wife for time and for all eternity; and I seal upon you the blessings of the holy resurrection, with power to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, clothed with glory, immortality and eternal lives; and I seal upon you the blessings of thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers, and exaltations, together with the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and say unto you, be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, that you may have joy and rejoicing in your posterity in the day of the Lord Jesus. All these blessings, together with other blessings pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant, I seal upon your heads, through your faithfulness unto the end, by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, in the name of the Father, the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.' The Scribe then enters on the general record the date and place of the marriage."

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☞ An eminent medical man has just discovered the true cause of a patient's sour disposition on one particular day. The poor creature so afflicted, had, it appears, early that morning, *turned* in bed. (Wretched!)

☞ Your manners are always under examination, and by committees little suspected—a sort of police in citizen's clothes—who are awarding or denying you very high prizes when you least think of it.

## QUEEN LUCY.

### A Little Sovereign Three Summers Old.

Sweet little Lucy with curls of jet
Is just the cunningest household pet;
Look at her face so soft and fair,
Her lip with its sweet disdain of care,
The roguish smile as she climbs your knee,
Her graceful motions light and free,
As backward and forward she loves to run,
With her eyes lit up and a-blaze with fun.

Yet our little Queen is unaware
Of this beauty which makes the gods despair,
She knows not the spell in her artless kiss,
Nor how broad and ample her kingdom is,
What a circle of loving breasts is prone
To watch each glance from her wishful throne:
Though her wonderful sceptre she hath not seen,
We are her subjects, and she is Queen.

As she sits in my lap I think of the day
When a handsome youth shall come this way,
Noble in form, of manly brow,
(Some boy that is rocked in his cradle now,)
And with heart on fire and blushing cheek,
His burning ardor will try to speak
While twirling as I do one silken tress:
Will she take, or refuse him? Who can guess?

Oh, sweet little Lucy, that day be wise,
And veil with a tenderer beam those eyes,—
Let a gentler radiance send the dart
That shall thrill or sadden a beating heart;
Think of thy life and its measureless scope,
Of the one you must give to Despair or Hope,
And whatever answer those lips may mean,
Be it well with him and our little Queen.

JOEL BENTON.

# ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

By the Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### RESOLVED.

Launcelot Darrell had not sailed for Calcutta in the Princess Alice. This point once established, it was utterly vain for Richard Thornton to argue against that sudden conviction, that indomitable belief which ad taken possession of Eleanor Vane's mind, respecting the identity between the man who had won her father's money at carte, and Mrs. Darrell's only son.

"I tell you, Richard," she said, when the scene-painter argued with her, "that nothing ut proof positive of Launcelot Darrell's ab- ence in India at the date of my father's eath would have dispossessed me of the dea that flashed upon me on the day I left erkshire. He was not in India at that me. He deceived his mother and his iends. He remained in Europe; and led, o doubt, an idle, dissipated life. He must ave lived by his wits, for he had no money om his mother; no one to help him—no rofession to support him. What is more kely than that he went to Paris—the para- se of scoundrels, I have heard you say, ichard—under an assumed name? What ore likely? Why, *he was there!* The an I saw on the Boulevard, and the man saw in Windsor street, are one and the me. You cannot argue me out of that ttled idea, Richard Thornton, for it is the th. It is the truth, and it shall be the siness of my life to prove that it is so."

"And what then, Eleanor?" Mr. Thorn- n asked gravely. "Supposing you can ove this; by such evidences as will be very ficult to get at; by such an investigation will waste your life, blight your girlhood, rp your nature, unsex your mind, and nsform you from a candid and confiding man into an amateur detective? Sup- se you do all this—and you little guess, dear, the humiliating falsehoods, the ful deceptions, the studied baseness, you st practice if you are to tread that sinuous hway—what then? What good is effected; at end is gained? Are you any nearer the accomplishment of the vow you ut- d in the Rue l'Archeveque?"

What do you mean, Richard?"

I mean that to prove this man's guilt is to avenge your father's death. Neither nor the law have any power to punish . He may or may not have cheated r poor father. At this distance of time can prove nothing against him, except t he played ecarte in the private room of fe, and that he won all your father's ney. He would only laugh in your face, poor Nelly, if you were to bring such a rge as this against him."

If I can once prove that, which I now eve as firmly as if every mortal proof demonstrated its truth, I know how to ish Launcelot Darrell," replied the girl.

You know how to punish him?"

Yes. His uncle—that is to say, his great e—Maurice de Crespigny, was my fa- 's firmest friend. I need not tell you story, Dick, for you have heard it often gh from my poor father's own lips. ncelot Darrell expects to inherit the old 's money, and will do so if Mr. de Cres- y dies without making a will. But if I prove to the old man that my father a melancholy and untimely death gh his nephew's treachery, Launcelot ell would never inherit a sixpence of money. I know how eagerly he looks ard to it, though he affects indifference."

"And you would do this, Eleanor?" asked Richard, staring aghast at his companion; "you would betray the secrets of this young man's youth to his uncle, and compass his ruin by that revelation."

"I would do what I swore to do in the Rue l'Archeveque. I would avenge my father's death. The last words my poor father ever wrote appealed to me to do that. I have never forgotten those words. There may have been a deeper treachery in that night's work than you or I know of, Richard. Launcelot Darrell knew who my father was—he knew of the friendship between him and Mr. de Crespigny. How do we know that he did not try to goad the poor old man to that last act of despair; how do we know that he did not plan those losses at cards, in order to remove his uncle's friend from his pathway? Oh, God! Richard, if I thought that—!"

The girl rose from her chair in a sudden tumult of passion, with her hands clenched and her eyes flashing.

"If I could think that his treachery went beyond the baseness of cheating my father of his money for the money's sake, I would take his life for that dear life as freely and as unhesitatingly as I lift my hand up now."

She raised her clenched hand towards the ceiling as she spoke, as if to register some unuttered vow. Then turning abruptly to the scene-painter, she said, almost imploringly:

"It can't be, Richard; he cannot have been so base as that. He held my hand in his only a few days ago. I would cut off that hand if I could think that Launcelot Darrell had planned my father's death."

"But you cannot think it, my dear Eleanor," Richard answered, earnestly. "How should the young man know that your father would take his loss so deeply to heart? We none of us calculate the consequences of our sins, my dear. If this man cheated, he cheated because he wanted money. For Heaven's sake, Nelly, leave him and his sin in the hands of Providence. The future is not a blank sheet of paper, Nelly, for us to write any story we please upon; but a wonderful chart mapped out by a divine and unerring hand. Launcelot Darrell will not go unpunished, Nelly. 'My faith is strong in Time,' as the poet says. Leave the young man to Time—and to Providence."

Eleanor Vane shook her head, smiling bitterly at her friend's philosophy. Poor mad Constance's reply always rose, in some shape or other, to the girl's lips in answer to Richard's arguments. The Cardinal reasons with wonderful discretion, but the bereaved mother utters one sentence that is more powerful than all the worthy man's prim moralities:

"He talks to me, that never had a son!"

"It is no use preaching to me," Miss Vane said. "If *your* father had died by this man's treachery, you would not feel so charitably disposed towards him. I *will* keep the promise made three years ago. I *will* prove Launcelot Darrell's guilt; and that guilt shall stand between him and Maurice de Crespigny's fortune."

"You forget one point in this business, Eleanor."

"What point?"

"It may take you a very long time to obtain the proof you want. Mr. de Crespigny is an old man, and an invalid. He may die before you are in a position to denounce his nephew's treachery to your poor father."

Eleanor was silent for a few moments. Her arched brows contracted, and her mouth grew compressed and rigid.

"I must go back to Hazlewood, Dick," she said, slowly. "Yes, you are right; there is no time to be lost. I *must* go back to Hazlewood."

"That is not very practicable, is it, Nell?"

"I *must* go back. If I go in some disguise—if I go and hide myself in the village, and watch Launcelot Darrell when he least thinks he is observed. I don't care how I go, Richard, but I must be there. It can only be from the discoveries I make in the present, that I shall be able to trace my way back to the history of the past. I must go there."

"And begin at once upon the business of a detective? Eleanor, you shall not do this, if I can prevent you."

Richard Thornton's unavowed love gave him a certain degree of authority over the impulsive girl. There is always a dignity and power in every feeling that is really true. Throughout the story of Notre Dame de Paris, the hunchback's love for Esmeralda is never once contemptible. It is only Phœbus, handsome, glittering, false, and hollow, who provokes our scorn.

Eleanor Vane did not rebel against the young man's tone of authority.

"Oh, Dick, Dick," she cried, piteously, "I know how wicked I am. I have been nothing but a trouble to you and the dear Signora. But I cannot forget my father's death. I cannot forget the letter he wrote to me. I must be true to the vow I made then, Richard, if I sacrifice my life in keeping my word."

Eliza Picirillo came in before the scene-painter could reply to this speech. It had been agreed between the two young people that the Signora should know nothing of Miss Vane's discoveries; so Eleanor and Richard saluted the music-mistress in that strain of factitious gayety generally adopted under such circumstances.

Signora Picirillo's perceptions were perhaps a little blunted by the wear and tear of half-a-dozen hours' labor among her out-door pupils, and as Eleanor bustled about the room preparing the tea table and making the tea, the good music-mistress fully believed in her protegee's simulated liveliness. When the table had been cleared, and Richard had gone to smoke his short meerschaum among the damp straw and invalid cabs in the promenade before the Pilasters, Eleanor seated herself at the piano and practised. Her fingers flew over the keys in a thousand complexities of harmony, but her mind, for ever true to one idea, brooded upon the dark scheme of vengeance which she had planned for herself.

"Come what may," she thought, again and again, "at any price I must go back to Hazlewood."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE ONE CHANCE.

Eleanor Vane lay awake through the greater part of the night which succeeded her interview with the shipbroker. She lay awake, trying to fashion for herself some scheme by which she might go back to Hazlewood. The discovery which she had to make, the proof positive that she wanted to obtain of Launcelot Darrell's guilt, could only be procured by long and patient watchfulness of the young man himself. The evidence that was to condemn him must come from his own lips. Some chance admission, some accidental word, might afford a clue that would guide her back to the secret of the past. But to obtain this clue she must be in intimate association with the man whom she suspected. In the careless confidence of daily life, in the freedom of social intercourse a hundred chances might occur which could never be brought about while the gates of Hazlewood were closed upon her.

There was one other chance, it was true. Launcelot Darrell had asked her to become his wife. His love, however feeble to withstand the wear and tear of time, must for the moment, at least, be real. A line from her would no doubt bring him to her side. She could lure him on by affecting to return his affection, and in the entire confidence of such an association she might discover.

No! not for the wide world—not even to be true to her dead father—could she be so false to every sentiment of womanly honor.

"Richard was right," she thought, as she dismissed this idea with a humiliating sense of her own baseness in having even for one brief moment entertained it. "He was right. What shame and degradation I must wade through before I can keep my promise."

And to keep her promise she must go back to Hazlewood. This was the point to which she always returned. But was it possible for her to regain her old position in Mrs. Darrell's house? Would not Mrs. Darrell take care to keep her away, having once succeeded in banishing her from Launcelot's society?

Miss Vane was not a good schemer. Transparent, ingenuous, and impulsive, she had the will and the courage which would have prompted her to denounce Launcelot Darrell as a traitor and a cheat; but not the slow and patient attributes which are necessary for the watcher who hopes to trace a shameful secret through all the dark intricacies of the hidden pathway that leads to it.

It was long after daylight when the young lady fell asleep, worn out, harassed, and baffled. The night had brought no counsel. Eleanor Vane dropped off into a fitful slumber, with a passionate prayer upon her lips,—a prayer that Providence would set her in the way of bringing vengeance upon her father's destroyer.

She flung herself upon Providence—after the manner of a great many persons—when she found her own intellect powerless to conduct her to the end she wanted to gain.

Throughout the next day Miss Vane sat alone on the chintz covered sofa by the window, looking down at the children playing hop-scotch and gambling for marbles upon the rugged flags below; "weary of the rolling hours," and unable to bring herself to the frame of mind necessary for the ordinary purposes of life. Upon any other occasion she would have tried to do something whereby she might lighten the Signora's burden, being quite competent to take the pupils off her friend's hands; but to-day she had suffered Eliza Picirillo to trudge out under the broiling August sky, through the stifling London streets, and had made no attempt to lessen her labors. She seemed even incapable of performing the little domestic offices which she had been in the habit of doing. She let the London dust accumulate upon the piano; she left the breakfast-table scattered with the debris of the morning's meal; she made no effort to collect the stray sheets of music, the open books, the scraps of needlework that littered the room; but with her elbow on the smoky sill of the window, and her head resting on her hand, she sat, looking wearily out, with eyes that saw nothing but vacancy.

Richard had gone out early, and neither he nor his aunt were expected to return till dusk.

"I can have everything ready for them when they come back," she thought, looking listlessly at the unwashed tea-things, which seemed to stare at her in mute reproachfulness; and then her eyes wandered back to the sunny window, and her mind returned with a cruel constancy to the one idea that occupied it.

Had she been really looking at the objects on which her eyes seemed to be fixed, she must have been surprised by the advent of a tall and rather distinguished looking stranger, who made his way along the straw-littered promenade between the colonnade and the stables, erasing the chalk plans of the hop-scotch players with the soles of his boots, and rendering himself otherwise objectionable to the juvenile population.

This stranger came straight to the shop of the shoemaker with whom Signora Picirillo lodged, and inquired for Miss Vincent.

The shoemaker had only heard Eleanor's assumed name a day or two before, when Laura's letter had arrived at the Pilasters. He had a vague idea that the beautiful, golden-haired young woman, who had first entered his dwelling in the early freshness of budding girlhood, was going to distinguish herself as a great musical genius, and intended to astonish the professional world under a false name.

"It's Miss Eleanor you want, I suppose, sir?" the man said, in answer to the stranger's question.

"Miss Eleanor—yes."

"Then, if you'll please to step up-stairs, sir. The young lady's all alone to-day, for Mr. Richard he's over the water a scene-paintin' away for dear life, and the S'nora she's out givin' lessons; so poor young miss is alone, and dismal enough she must be, cooped in-doors this fine weather. It's bad enough when one's obliged to it you know, sir," the man added, rather obscurely. "Will you please to walk up, sir? It's the door facing you at the top of the stairs."

The shoemaker opened a half-glass door communicating with a tiny back parlor and a steep staircase that twisted corkscrew-wise up to the first floor. The visitor waited for no further invitation, but ascended the stairs in a few strides, and paused for a moment before the door of Signora Picirillo's sitting-room.

"He's one of these here London managers, I dessay," thought the simple cordwainer, as he went back to his work. "Mr. Cromshaw come here one day after Mr. Richard, in a pheaton and pair, and no end of diamond rings and breastpins."

Eleanor Vane had not noticed the stranger's footsteps on the uncarpeted stair, but she started when the door opened, and looked round. Her unexpected visitor was Mr. Monckton.

She rose in confusion, and stood with her back to the window, looking at the lawyer. She was too much absorbed by her one idea to be troubled by the untidiness of the shabby chamber, by the disorder of her own hair or dress, or by any of those external circumstances which are generally so embarrassing to a woman. She only thought of Gilbert Monckton as a link between herself and Hazlewood. She did not even wonder why he had come to see her.

"I may find out something; I may learn something from him," she thought. Against the great purpose of her life, even this man, who of all others she most respected and esteemed, sank into utter insignificance. She never cared to consider what he might think. She only regarded him as an instrument which might happen to be of use to her.

"You are very much surprised to see me, Miss Vincent," the lawyer said, holding out his hand.

The girl put her hand loosely in his, and Gilbert Monckton started as he felt the feverish heat of the slim fingers that touched his so lightly. He looked into Eleanor's face. The intense excitement of the last three days had left its traces on her countenance.

Mrs. Darrell had made a confidant of the lawyer. It had been absolutely necessary to explain Eleanor's absence. Mrs. Darrell had given her own version of the business, telling the truth, with sundry reservations. Miss Vincent was a handsome and agreeable girl, she said; it was of vital consequence to Launcelot that he should not form any attachment, or entertain any passing fancy, that might militate against his future prospects. An imprudent marriage had separated her, Mrs. Darrell, from her uncle, Maurice de Crespigny. An imprudent marriage might ruin the young man's chance of inheriting the Woodlands estate. Under these circumstances it was advisable that Miss Vincent should leave Hazlewood; and the young lady had very generously resigned her situation, upon the matter being put before her in a proper light.

Mrs. Darrell took very good care not to make any allusion to that declaration of love which she had overheard through the half-open door of her son's painting-room.

Mr. Monckton had expressed no little vexation at the sudden departure of his ward's companion; but his annoyance was of course felt solely on account of Miss Mason, who told him, with her eyes streaming, and her voice broken by sobs, that she could never, never be happy without her darling Eleanor.

The lawyer said very little in reply to these lamentations, but took care to get Miss Vincent's address from his ward, and on the day after his visit to Hazlewood went straight from his office to the Pilasters.

Looking at the change in Eleanor Vane's face, Mr. Monckton began to wonder very seriously if the departure from Hazlewood had been a matter of great grief to her; and whether it might not be that Mrs. Darrell's alarms about her son's possible admiration for the penniless companion were founded on stronger grounds than the widow had cared to reveal to him.

"I was afraid that Laura's frivolous fancy might be caught by this young fellow," he thought, "but I could never have believed that this girl, who has ten times Laura's intellect, would fall in love with Launcelot Darrell."

He thought this, while Eleanor's feverish hand lay, loose and passive, in his own.

"It was not quite kind of you to leave Hazlewood without seeing me, or consulting me, Miss Vincent," he said; "you must remember that I confided to you a trust."

"A trust!"

"Yes. You promised that you would lookafter my foolish young ward, and take care that she did not fall in love with Mr. Darrell."

Mr. Monckton watched the girl's face very closely while he pronounced Launcelot Darrell's name, but there was no revelation in that pale and wearied countenance. The gray eyes returned his gaze, frankly and unhesitatingly. Their brightness was faded, but their innocent candor remained in all its virginal beauty.

"I tried to do what you wished," Miss Vane answered. "I am afraid that Laura does admire Mr. Darrell. But I can't quite understand whether she is serious or not, and in any case nothing I could say would influence her much, though I know she loves me."

"No, I suppose not," said Mr. Monckton, rather bitterly, "women are not easily to be influenced in these matters. A woman's love is the sublimation of selfishness, Miss Vincent. It is delightful to a woman to throw herself away; and she is perfectly indifferent as to how many unoffending victims she drags to destruction in her downfall. An Indian woman sacrifices herself out of respect to her dead husband. An English woman offers up her husband and children on the altar of a living lover. Pardon me if I speak too plainly. We lawyers become acquainted with strange stories. I should not at all wonder if my ward were to insist upon making herself miserable for life because Launcelot Darrell has a Grecian nose."

Mr. Monckton seated himself, uninvited, by the table on which the unwashed tea-things bore testimonies to Eleanor's neglect. He looked round the room, not rudely, for in one brief observant glance he was able to see everything, and to understand everything.

"Have you ever *lived* here, Miss Vincent?" he asked.

"Yes, I lived here a year and a half before I went to Hazlewood. I was very happy," Eleanor added, hastily, as if in deprecation of the lawyer's look, which betrayed a half-compassionate interest. "My friends are very good to me, and I never wish for a better home."

"But you have been accustomed to a better home, in your childhood?"

"No, not very much better. I always lived in lodgings, with my poor father."

"Your father was not rich then?"

"No, not at all rich."

"He was a professional man, I suppose?"

"No, he had no profession. He had been rich—very rich—once."

The color rose to Eleanor's face as she spoke, for she suddenly recollected that she had a secret to keep. The lawyer might recognize George Vane by this description, she thought.

Gilbert Monckton fancied that sudden blush arose from wounded pride.

"Forgive me for asking you so many questions, Miss Vincent," he said gently. "I am very much interested in you. I have been very much interested in you for a long time."

He was silent for some minutes. Eleanor had resumed her seat near the window, and sat in a thoughtful attitude, with her eyes cast upon the ground. She was wondering how she was to make good use of this interview in discovering as much as possible of Launcelot Darrell's antecedents.

"Will you forgive me if I ask you a few more questions, Miss Vincent?" the lawyer asked, after this brief silence.

Eleanor raised her eyes, and looked him full in the face. That bright, straight, unfaltering gaze was perhaps the greatest charm which Miss Vane possessed. She had no reason to complain that Nature had gifted her with a niggardly hand; she had beauty of feature, of outline, of color; but this exquisitely candid expression was a rarer beauty, and a higher gift.

"Believe me," said Mr. Monckton, "that I am actuated by no unworthy motive when I ask you to deal frankly with me. You will understand, by-and-by, why and by what right I presume to question you. In the meantime I ask you to confide in me. You left Hazlewood at Mrs. Darrell's wish, did you not?"

"Yes, it was at her wish that I left."

"Her son had made you an offer of his hand?"

The question would have brought a blush to the face of an ordinary girl. But Eleanor Vane was removed from ordinary women by the exceptional story of her life. From the moment of her discovery of Launcelot Darrell's identity, all thoughts of him as a lover, or an admirer, had been blotted out of her mind. He was removed from other men by the circumstance of his guilt; as she was set apart from other women by the revengeful purpose in her breast.

"Yes," she said. "Mr. Darrell asked me to be his wife."

"And did you—did you refuse him?"

"No; I gave him no answer."

"You did not love him then?"

"Love him! Oh, no, no!"

Her eyes dilated with a look of horror as she spoke, as if it was most [illegible] to her that Gilbert Monckton should ask her such a question.

"Perhaps you do not think Launcelot Darrell worthy of a good woman's love?"

"I do not," answered Eleanor. "Don't talk of him, please. At least, I mean, don't talk of him, and of—love," she added hastily, remembering that the very thing she wanted was that the lawyer should talk of Launcelot Darrell. "You—you must know a great deal of his youth. He was idle and dissipated, was he not; and—and—a card-player?"

"A card-player?"

"Yes—a gambler; a man who plays cards for the sake of winning money?"

"I never heard any one say so. He was idle, no doubt, and loitered away his time in London under the pretence of studying art; but I never remember hearing that gambling was one of his vices. However, I don't come here to speak of him, but of you. What are you going to do, now that you have left Hazlewood?"

Eleanor was cruelly embarrassed by this question. Her most earnest wish was to return to Hazlewood, or at least to the neighborhood. Absorbed by this wish she had formed no scheme for the future. She had not even remembered that she stood alone in the world, with only a few pounds saved out of her slender salary, unprovided with that which is the most necessary of all weapons in any warfare, Money!

"I—I scarcely know what I shall do," she said. "Mrs. Darrell promised to procure me a situation."

But as she spoke she remembered that to accept a situation of Mrs. Darrell's getting would be in some manner to eat bread provided by the kinswoman of her father's foe, and she made a mental vow to starve rather than to receive the widow's patronage.

"I do not put much confidence in Mrs. Darrell's friendship when her own end is gained," Gilbert Monckton said thoughtfully. "Ellen Darrell is only capable of loving one person, and that person is, according to the fashion of the world, the one who has used her worst. She loves her son, Launcelot, and would sacrifice a hecatomb of her fellow-creatures for his advantage. If she can get you a new home, I dare say she will do so. If she cannot, she has succeeded in removing you from her son's pathway, and will trouble herself very little about your future."

Eleanor Vane lifted her head with a sudden gesture of pride.

"I do not want Mrs. Darrell's help," she said.

"But you would not refuse the counsel, or even the help of any one you liked, would you, Eleanor?" returned the lawyer. "You are very young, very inexperienced—the life at Hazlewood suited you, and it might have gone on for years without danger of unhappiness or disquiet, but for the coming of Launcelot Darrell. I have known you for a year and a half, Miss Vincent, and I have watched you very closely. I think I know you very well. Yes, if a lawyer's powers of penetration and habit of observation are to go for anything, I *must* know you by this time. I may have been an egregious fool twenty years ago; but I must be wise enough now to understand a girl of eighteen."

He said this rather as if reasoning with himself than talking to Eleanor. Miss Vane looked at him, wondering what all this talk would lead to, and what motive, under heaven, could have induced a lawyer of high standing to leave his chambers in the middle of the business day, for the purpose of sitting in a shabby lodging-house chamber, with his elbow resting upon a dirty tablecloth amid the confusion of unwashed breakfast cups and saucers.

"Eleanor Vincent," Mr. Monckton said by-and-by, after a very long pause, "country people are most intolerable gossips. You cannot have lived at Hazlewood for a year and a half without having heard something of my history."

"Your history?"

"Yes, you heard that there was some secret trouble in the early part of my life—that there were some unpleasant circumstances connected with my purchase of Tolldale."

Eleanor Vane was utterly unskilled in the art of prevarication. She could not give an evasive answer to a straight question.

"Yes," she said, "I have heard people say that."

"And you have no doubt heard them say that my trouble—like every other trouble upon this earth, as it seems to me—was caused by a woman."

"Yes, I heard that."

"I was very young when that sorrow came to me, Eleanor Vincent, and very ready to believe in a beautiful face. I was deceived. My story is all told in those three words, and it is a very old story after all. Great tragedies and epic poems have been written upon the same theme until it has become so hackneyed that I have no need to enlarge upon it. I was deceived, Miss Vincent, and for twenty years I have profited by that bitter lesson. Heaven help me if I feel inclined to forget it now. I am forty years of age, but I do not think that the brightness of my life has quite gone yet. Twenty years ago I was in love, and in the ardor and freshness of my youth, I dare say I talked a great deal of nonsense. I am in love once more, Eleanor. Will you forgive me if all my faculty for sentimental talk is lost? Will you let me tell you, in very few and simple words, that I love you; that I have loved you for a very long time; and that you will make me unspeakably happy if you can think my earnest devotion worthy of some return?"

Every vestige of color faded slowly from Eleanor's face. There had been a time—before the return of Launcelot Darrell—when a word of praise, an expression of friendliness or regard from Gilbert Monckton, had been very precious to her. She had never taken the trouble to analyze her feelings. That time, before the coming of the young man, had been the sunniest and most careless period of her youth. She had during that interval been false to the memory of her father—she had suffered herself to be happy. But now a gulf yawned between her and that lapse of forgetfulness. She could not look back clearly; she could not remember or recall her former feelings. Gilbert Monckton's offer might then have awakened some answering sentiment in her own breast. Now his hand struck upon the slackened chords of a shattered instrument; and there was no music to respond harmoniously to the player's touch.

"Can you love me, Eleanor? Can you love me?" the lawyer asked, imploringly, taking the girl's hands in his own. "Your heart is free; yes, I know that; and that at least is something. Heaven forgive me if I try to bribe you. But my youth is passed, and I can scarcely expect to be loved for myself alone. Think how dreary and undefended your life must be, if you refuse my love and protection. Think of that, Eleanor. Ah! if you knew what a woman is when thrown upon the world *without* the shelter of a husband's love, you would think seriously. I want you to be more than my wife, Eleanor. I want you to be the guardian and protectress of that poor frivolous girl whose future has been trusted to my care. I want you to come and live at Tolldale, my darling, so as to be near that poor child at Hazlewood."

Near Hazlewood! The hot blood rushed into Eleanor's face at the sound of those two words, then faded suddenly away and left her deadly white, trembling and clinging to the back of her chair for support. To all else that Gilbert Monckton had said she had listened in a dull stupor. But now her intellect arose and grasped the full importance of the lawyer's supplication. In a moment she understood that the one chance which of all other things upon this earth she had most desired, and which of all other things had seemed furthest removed from her, was now within her reach.

She might go back to Hazlewood. She might return as Gilbert Monckton's wife. She did not stop to consider how much was involved in this. It was her nature to be ruled by impulse, and impulse only; and she had yet to learn submission to a better guidance. She could go back to Hazlewood. She would have returned there as a kitchen-maid, had the opportunity of so doing offered itself to her; and she was ready to return as Gilbert Monckton's wife.

"My prayers have been heard," she thought. "My prayers have been heard: Providence will give me power to keep my promise. Providence will set me face to face with that man."

Eleanor Vane stood with her hands clasped upon the back of her chair, thinking of this, and looking straight before her, in utter unconsciousness of the earnest eyes that were fixed upon her face, while the lawyer waited breathlessly to hear her decision.

"Eleanor," he cried, entreatingly, "Eleanor, I have been deceived once; do not let me be a woman's dupe, now that there are streaks of gray among my hair. I love you, my dear. I can make you independent and secure; but I do not offer you a fortune or a position of sufficient magnitude or grandeur to tempt an ambitious woman. For God's sake, do not trifle with me. If you love me now, or can hope to love me in the future, be my wife. But if any other image holds the smallest place in your heart—if there is one memory, or one regret, that can come between us, Eleanor, dismiss me from you unhesitatingly. It will be merciful to me—to you also, perhaps—to do so. I have seen a union in which there was love on one side, and indifference—or something worse than indifference—upon the other. Eleanor, think of all this, and then tell me, frankly, if you can after all be my wife."

Eleanor Vane dimly comprehended that there was a depth of passionate feeling beneath the quiet earnestness of the lawyer's manner. She tried to listen, she tried to comprehend; but she could not. The one idea which held possession of her mind, kept that mind locked against every other impression. It was not his love, it was not his name, or his fortune, that Gilbert Monckton offered her—he offered her the chance of returning to Hazlewood.

"You are very good," she said. "I will be your wife. I will go back to Hazlewood."

She held out her hand to him. No trace of womanly confusion, or natural coquetry, betrayed itself in her manner. Pale and absorbed she held out her hand, and offered up her future as a small and unconsidered matter, when set against the one idea of her life—the promise to her dead father.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Gold Watch;

### OR, THE REBUKED WIFE.

Troublous times test principles. Perhaps that is one reason why they are permitted, nay more, appointed to be a part of our life portion here below—our discipline for eternity; and when we note our failures before the lesser trials, how does it quicken us to look to the Strong for help against the trials of the cloudy and dark day! "For if we have run with the footmen, and they have wearied us, how shall we contend with the horsemen?" A family named P——, much respected, not merely for their wealth and station, but for their moral worth and benevolence, lived in the south of Ireland many years ago. They were connected with the Society of Friends, and lived consistently with their principles of peace and nonresistance, up to the trying days of '98. Then, however, many who were not politically obnoxious to the times were made prey of on account of their property, at least the portable part of it, such as money, plate, and jewels; and among these victims were the P——'s. Their peaceable habitation had been long doomed to a nocturnal visit, and was at length broken into and spoiled, without any active resistance from the proprietors. Probably from tampering with the domestic servants, the robbers were fully aware of the whole amount of valuables they had to expect, and were about to depart with their booty, when one of the party said to Mrs. P——, "You have a gold watch." She had slipped it into her bosom on the attack, so she replied quietly, "No, I have not." Her husband was standing by, and, when he heard her denial, he turned on her such a look and such a reproof as she had never met before from him.—"Mary," he said, "I am ashamed of thee! Wouldst thou then barter thy peace, by an untruth, for the sake of thy gold watch?"—The rebuked wife stood abashed before her husband; and taking her watch from her bosom, handed it over to the robber. Some time afterwards Mr. P—— was sent for to the county town on an unexpected errand; the party of robbers had been arrested for another robbery, and Mr. P—— was sent for to identify his property, every article of which was returned to him safely. In jail, suspicion first rested on the leader of the gang, from Mrs. P——'s watch having her initials. The restoration of the watch was an additional reproof to Mrs. P——, who felt that her husband's truthfulness had been, as it were, thus rewarded. To our young readers this is a suggestive anecdote.

"Oh! 'tis a lovely thing for youth,  
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;  
To fear a lie; to speak the truth!  
That we may trust to all they say."

☞ A downeaster sold another man a horse for a certain number of sheep, to be delivered such a day. They came promptly, but to the purchaser's astonishment, all nicely sheared! It was a cool transaction, especially for the sheep.

☞ "The times are so hard I can hardly manage to keep my head above water," said a husband the other night to his wife, who was importuning him for a new dress. "No," she replied, with some asperity, "but you can keep it above brandy and water easy enough."

☞ A Maine editor, having been elected fence viewer and field-driver, announces that although he is somewhat afraid of horned cattle he is great on the fence. Any of his constituents who wish any viewing done, are invited to bring their fences to his office.

☞ One of the most valuable veins of petroleum yet discovered was lately struck in Venango county, Pennsylvania. The well commenced flowing on Saturday last, the oil spouting up to a height of fifty feet, with a roar like a hurricane, and escaping at the rate of two thousand barrels per day. A stop cock was got on after much trouble, and the flow can now be regulated to suit the demand. Another flowing well in the vicinity was so affected by the opening of the new well that its yield decreased over three hundred barrels per day. The new well, which is about four hundred and fifty feet deep, was at last accounts flowing steadily at the rate of twelve hundred barrels a day. This, even at the moderate prices now ruling at the wells, would yield the owners $3,600 per day.

☞ The London Quarterly remarks on the great use made of bigamy as an incident of the sensation novels of the day. Of the twenty-four novels placed at the head of its article for review, it says no less than eight are "bigamy stories." Is there so much romance, then, in the passion of men and women for more connubial bliss than the law allows?

☞ The Charleston Courier says that "Stonewall Jackson had a strong presentiment that he would be killed before the war was brought to a close, and that the event would take place in the last or one of the last battles fought."

## NO PLACE FOR THE BOYS.

Does it not seem as if in some houses there is actually no place for the boys? We do not mean the *little* boys—there is always room for them; they are petted and caressed; there is a place for them on papa's knee and at mamma's footstool, if not in her arms; there are loving words, and many, often too many, indulgences. But the class we speak of now are the school-boys, great noisy romping fellows, who tread on your dress, and upset your work basket, and stand in your light, and whistle, and drum, and shout, and ask questions, and contradict.

So what is to be done with them? Do they not want to be loved and cherished now as dearly as they were in that well remembered time when *they* were the *little* ones, and were indulged, petted and caressed? But they are so noisy, and they wear out the carpet with their thick boots, and it is so quiet when they are gone, say the tired mother, and the fastidious sister, and the nervous aunt; "anything for peace sake;" so away go the boys to "loaf" on street corners, and listen to the profane and coarse language of wicked men, or to the railroad station, or to the wharves, or to the common places of rendezvous of those who have nothing to do or no place to stay. We protest against the usages of those homes where the boys are driven out because their presence is unwelcome, and they are scolded when they come in, or checked, hushed, and restrained at every outburst of merriment.

Mrs. Barton has four boys between the ages of seven and fourteen—active, merry, intelligent lads. Their father is in his store until late in the evening, very often, and the boys are mostly under their mother's training. When they choose to play out after school, they do so, but within certain limits. When they choose to stay in, they are made heartily welcome. There is no scolding about the thick boots making a noise or wearing out the carpet, for from the earliest days the law of the house has enforced the putting off the boots and the putting on of the slippers when they come in. There are books for those who choose to read, and games for those who choose to play—light and warmth and pleasant words, sympathy for all, and caresses for those who love caresses, and companionship and conversation for the elder ones who begin to be companionable, and discuss the questions of the day. Who believes that the sons of such a family will be willingly enticed into haunts of wickedness, or easily alienated from the love of such a home?

If Mrs. Gray, who calls vacation *vexation*, and doesn't see what it is for, and who, when her children come in after school, exclaims, "There, go out, and don't let me see one of you in here again till supper time," should consider for a moment that she is making home but a sleeping-place and eating-place for her children, and preparing the way for future mortification, and sorrow, she would perhaps consider before it is too late. A remark of one of her children might enlighten her:

"Mother doesn't love us a bit. She loves Willie, though, because he's the baby."

"But she won't when he is as old as we are," says Charlie; "she'll drive him out then, just as she does us."

Yet Mrs. Gray does love her children dearly. If any one doubts it, let him strike or injure one of them; or instead, let him look into the family sitting-room at eleven o'clock on a Saturday night, and see the tired form as she bends to the basket of stockings, or folds neatly the mended garments, and brushes carefully the Sunday suits. So much for the body; but how with the impressible young hearts? She makes them learn the Sunday school lessons, and gives them all a New Year's present of a Bible, and then turns them into the street. God pity the boys for whom there is no place in the house! If they escape contamination and vice, it is of His mercy who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice, and who called little children unto him and blessed them.

The parents may do well who carefully lay up money for their children, educate them at school, and set them up in business; but they do infinitely better who never suffer the love that warmed the cradle-side to grow cold, who lay aside their own comfort and convenience to make home attractive to their sons, and send them out to fight the battle of life, armed with the panoply of firm principles, and warmed and invigorated by the cherishing love whose vigils began at the cradle and will end only at the grave.—*Mother's Magazine.*

THE TWO B'S.

Says the Battery to the Bayonet,  
With derisive irony,  
"Slimmest of all the blades I've met,  
Do you think you can carry me?"  
Says the Bayonet to the Battery,  
"Square up with your elbow-joint,  
And you'll find that however slim I be,  
I always carry my point!"

—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ The celebrated John Foster thus describes a bigot: "He sees religion, not as a sphere, but a line; and it is a line in which he is moving. He is like an African buffalo—sees right forward, but nothing to the right nor left. He would not perceive a legion of angels or devils at the distance of ten yards on the one side or the other."

## A WIDOW'S GENTLEMAN-VICTIM.

A London paper gives the following affecting particulars of a sad affair:—

"A tall, aristocratic-looking, handsome man, with moustache-shaded lip, and very glossy, luxuriant hair, but who had a very weak voice, made an affecting application to the Clerkenwell police magistrate on Saturday. He said he had been victimized by a young and designing widow. He had met her at a friend's house, and she being 'young, fair, handsome, with large oval eyes and slender white hands,' he had at last fallen in love with her. He took an early opportunity to declare his love, and, he was sorry to say, was accepted. He purchased for her several presents, lent her money, and at her request also purchased several articles of furniture, which he gave to her; and he had even gone so far as to pay the money for putting up the banns. A day or two after he had done so, he spoke to her in a kind manner about the necessity of her prohibiting the frequent visits of a male cousin, on which she became very excited, said she loved the little finger of her cousin better than she did the whole of his (applicant's) person, and ordered him to leave the house, and never let her see him any more. Since then she would not see him, and had married her cousin; and, what made the matter worse, when he had applied for his articles of furniture to be given back to him, she declined to see him, but sent a message to say that if he annoyed her, her husband would give him a sound thrashing. He wanted to know if he could not compel her to let him have his presents back, and whether he could not compel her to repay him the money he had lent her.—The magistrate said he could not compel her to give him back his presents, and if he wanted his money, he had better sue the husband in the County Court. The applicant, who seemed very chop fallen, then left the court."

A PRETTY THOUGHT.—I was reading the other day that on the shores of the Adriatic Sea the wives of fishermen, whose husbands have gone far off upon the deep, are in the habit at eventide of going down to the seashore, and singing, as female voices only can, the first stanza of a beautiful hymn; after they have sung it they listen, till they hear borne by the wind across the desert sea the second stanza, sung by their gallant husbands as they are tossed by the gale upon the waves, and both are happy. Perhaps if we could listen, we too might hear on this desert world of ours some sound, some whisper borne from afar, to remind us that there is a heaven and a home, and when we sing the hymn upon the shores of earth, perhaps we shall hear its echo breaking in music upon the sands of time, and cheering the hearts of them that are pilgrims and strangers, and look for a city that hath foundations.—*Dr. John Cummings.*

☞ "DRUNKENNESS IN ARMIES."—Drunkenness has been, the world over, the bane of the military service. Among the acknowledged causes of the failure of the English in the Crimea was the general prevalence of intoxication among the officers. Mr. Russell tells us that life in the camp was little else than a continuous orgie, and that colonels, and even generals, went to battle in a condition of such beastly inebriation that they could hardly sit on their horses.

☞ GRAMMAR VS. LITERATURE.—The author of A System of English Grammar is reported as having computed the grammatical errors in Hallam's Literature of Europe to be about 500, and in Alison's History of Europe about three times as many. Alas! for our literature and for the temerity of these luckless authors who had no wholesome fear of Lindley Murray before their eyes.

☞ The deepest life of nature is silent and obscure; so, often, the elements that move and mould society are the result of the sister's counsel and the mother's prayer.—*Chapin.*

☞ REFLECTION BY A POULTERER.—It is a fact creditable to barn-yard nature, that, while curses come home to roost, roosters never come home to curse.

☞ Gen. Elwell, who succeeds Stonewall Jackson, has but one leg, and is strapped on his horse while on the field.

☞ A DEAD-HEAD.—Last Sunday, in an eastern village, when the plate was being passed in church, a newly-appointed editor said to the collector—"Go on; I'm a dead-head—I've got a pass."

☞ The lap dog of the Empress Eugenie is thus described: "Her hair is fully eight inches long, and of snowy whiteness and silky fineness. The body is very small, as is also the head, but the tail appears an enormous fleece, and the ears of proportionate size. Coquette lives in a glass house, on the floor of which is a Persian carpet. She lies upon a cushion covered with crimson silk, and seems a very dainty being. Her food and the water which she drinks are placed in a corner of the aforesaid glass house on a porcelain plate and in a silver cup which she won for her late proprietor.

☞ A French gentleman, who had heard rum called *spirits*, went into one of our hotels a few evenings since, and called for a glass of punch, requesting at the same time that it should be made with "*ghosts* from the West Indies."

## Deaths from Fire in England.

In his last published Report, the Registrar-General puts forth a startling statement on the mortality that takes place in England from fire. It appears that in fourteen years (1848—1861) nearly forty thousand persons were burned to death—that is, died in consequence of burns or scalds—in this country. This is at the rate of eight deaths a day from fire! What an outcry would be raised if the *Times'* correspondent in India reported eight *suttees* every day, or if news came from Fiji that eight youths were roasted from time to time, to satisfy the demand for "long pig." But, as this destruction occurs at home, and not thousands of miles away, it serves to supply sensation-paragraphs, and is then forgotten. On examination of the Report, we find that of the deaths therein recorded for the fourteen years, 15,621 were of children under four years of age; that 6,255 girls and 3,750 boys perished between the ages of five and fifteen, and 2,123 old women. Age and infancy alike fall victims to this terrible scourge; and yet, on calm reflection, it is impossible to resist the conviction that the greater part of this cruel loss of life is preventable. If every fireplace were protected by a guard, children could not pull down kettles of boiling water, or amuse themselves with lighted sticks or paper; neither could muslin dresses, however thin, or however much expanded by crinoline, come into contact with the grate. The means of prevention is so simple, so cheap, and so effectual, that it would seem as if all who neglect it must be chargeable with great carelessness or culpability; and as the Registrar says:—"Private houses should all be provided on each floor of the sleeping apartments with the means of escape, in the event of the lower apartments taking fire during the night; especial provision to be made for women and children."

## AN ENGLISH OFFICER'S OPINION OF OUR CHANCES.

"If the North cannot resolve to form a limited regular army, shoot for desertion and disobedience, and flog for plunder and skulking, they had better offer some endurable peace, based on independence East of the Mississippi, and then if that is rejected, trust solely to their endurance.—They are showing some of the qualities most essential to a race which claims empire—courage, tenacity and lightness of heart, amid disasters under which a really mercurial race like the French would long ago have submitted to fate. But neither courage nor doggedness, nor even cheerful trust, will make one-inch iron plates clamped together impervious to Whitworth guns, or turn an unwieldy horde of armed men into a working army, like that with which Wellington invaded France. They are fighting a race as able as themselves, full of inventiveness and capacity, armed with all the strength of enthusiasm and all the terrible pride of race, and they must obey the laws of science, or sacrifice themselves to the vain theory that because a man's object is good fire will cease to burn him."

## HOW THE POLISH INSURGENTS LOOK.

A letter from Poland describes the uniform of the Polish insurgents as follows:—"They wear a close-fitting coat called a gunke, quite plain, without either buttons or frogs, and made of coarse brown cloth, gray trowsers, a wide leather belt, a square cap, amaranth turned up with black. They carry a double-barreled gun slung over the shoulders, a revolver stuck in the belt, and a small bag for bread, &c. The cavalry are dessed in the same manner, and armed with lances bearing the Polish colors, red and white. The flags of the insurgents have on one side the white eagle of Poland and the white horse of Lithuania; on the other the portrait of Our Lady of Czentochan, with the legend, 'For our liberty and yours.'"

☞ LITERARY HACKS.—In a London paper an agent advertises that he can introduce to the proprietors of newspapers and periodicals, and to publishers, "without delay or expense, editors, sub-editors, talented writers on political, literary, scientific and art subjects, translators, *literary hacks*, reporters, and readers." There are such unfortunates as literary hacks; but who would like to be openly engaged as such?—*American Publishers' Circular.*

☞ The Richmond papers have a story that when our troops left Fredericksburg, an officer was discovered detached from his party by Miss Philippa Barbour and other ladies. They commanded him to halt, but as he ran away they gave chase, and he was so tickled by the idea that his strength was exhausted by laughing, so that he could run no further, and was cornered in a garden and captured by the malicious damsels.

☞ 'Tis never for their wisdom one loves the wisest, or for their wit that one loves the wittiest; 'tis for benevolence and virtue and honest fondness; one loves people; the other qualities make one proud of loving them too.—*Mrs. Thrale.*

☞ MADAGASCAR RAT EXTERMINATOR.—A peddler had distributed a large quantity in a neighborhood, and yet the vermin were as alive and active as ever. On being told that it had no effect—"Perhaps," said the imperturbable peddler, "yours may not be the *Madagascar* rats."

☞ PATIENCE IN MILKING.—A writer says that a cow was cured of holding up her milk by patiently milking until she ceased to hold it, and by continuing the practice, she has become an easy, regular, and good cow.

☞ A SPECIMEN OF THE "WEAKER SEX."—There is a marvel of nature at this moment to be seen in Lyons, France. It is a young Spanish girl, aged seventeen, called Maria Perez, and she can lift up a weight of 500 pounds with her hair. At the age of five she exhibited all the development of a woman.

☞ The celebrated surgeon, Dr. Abernethy, used occasionally to pass a joke on the medical profession. Happening to get a fall when walking in the Strand, he felt sprained and stiff on rising. A gentleman passing, who assisted in helping him up, said to him—"Shall I call a doctor, sir?" "For Heaven's sake do not," replied Abernethy; "but be so kind as to call a hackney-coach."

☞ At a whist table a spectator noticing that a lady, who was one of the players, seemed rather unusually sober, remarked that judging her by her looks, she must be playing a losing game. "What!" said a witty gentleman present, "must a lady always smile to be winning?"

☞ It is curious to see how much more anxious some people are to find fault with the government than with the rebels. To hear them talk one would imagine that "our wayward sisters" were only indulging in a little harmless escapade, while the government was engaged in a grand conspiracy for the overthrow of our liberties!

☞ The head of an old man, like a mountain-top, whitens as it gets nearer heaven.

☞ A man named Tissier was recently tried in Paris for stealing a metal spoon from the eating-house of Madam Brard. The President of the Tribunal, addressing the prisoner, said:—"You are accused of stealing a metal spoon." *The Prisoner*—"Yes, but I thought it was silver!" [Laughter.] *Mdme. Brard*—"C'est frank, au moins!" (that's frank at least.) *Prisoner*—"Seven francs! (sept francs.) It was not worth seven sous!"

## PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

**MRS. HENRY WOOD,**

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

**MARION HARLAND,**

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

**VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,**

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

### TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

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| 1 copy, one year, | $2.00 |
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| 8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,) | 12.00 |
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### A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

**WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?**

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30) and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,  
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

## Indian Remedy for Small Pox.

BY DR. HERBERT MILES,

SURGEON IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

Early in the last winter, a small coasting vessel landed a portion of her crew at an obscure village a few miles from Halifax, N. S. These persons were sick with small pox, and the disease soon spread, first among the cottagers, with whom the fishermen mixed, and subsequently among those from the capital, who resorted to the village for the purpose of trade. Through the early weeks of spring rumor constantly asserted that vast numbers of the seafaring population were attacked with the complaint; but it was not until early in March, that the large Civil Hospital of Halifax, by the number of its admissions for variola, began to corroborate the rumor, and to authenticate the justice of public anxiety. The disease, in process of time, extended to the troops in the garrison. While certain portions of the inhabitants of Halifax were suffering from the epidemic, alarming accounts reached that place, relative to the terrible ravages of the scourge among the Indians and colored people generally. Variola is the special plague of the Indians, and when they are invaded by this pestilence, it sweeps them off by scores. * * * * * *

On this occasion, the most painful details were given of whole families being carried off by this loathsome disease. After some time, it was said, that the disease was stayed. One of the Indian race, it was asserted, had come into the disease-stricken camp, possessed of a preparation, which had the extraordinary power of curing the kind of cases which had hitherto proved so fatal. This remedy was believed by the Indians to be so efficacious, that if given to them when attacked with small pox, they looked forward with confidence to a speedy and effective cure. An old weird Indian woman was the fortunate possessor of the remedy in question. She had always been known as the Doctress of her tribe, and had enjoyed celebrity for many years in consequence of her reputed knowledge of medicine and wonderful acquaintance with the herbs and roots of the woods. So well established was her fame among the Indians, that when sick they resorted to her in preference to the white doctors, whom they considered to be "No good." Capt. Hardy, of the Royal Artillery, an accomplished and intelligent officer who has for years been among the Indians, says that "the old squaw's remedy had long been known to them as an infallible cure for small pox," and that "the Indians believe it to be successful in every case." From the information gathered from among the Indians, the following observations have been carefully sifted:

1. In the case of an individual suspected to be under the influence of small pox, but with no distinct eruption upon him, a large wine glassful of an infusion of the root of the plant "*Saracenia Purpurea*," or pitcher plant, is to be taken. The effect of this dose is to bring out the eruption. After a second and third dose, given at intervals of from four to six hours, the pustules subside, apparently losing their vitality. The patient feels better at the end of each dose, and, in the graphic expression of the Micmac, "knows there is a great change in him at once."

2. In a subject already covered with the eruption of small pox, in the early stage, a dose or two will dissipate the pustules and subdue the febrile symptoms. The urine, from being scanty and high-colored, becomes pale and abundant, while from the first dose, the patient's feelings assure him that "the medicine is killing the disease." Under the influence of the remedy, in three or four days the prominent symptoms of the constitutional disturbance subside, although as a precautionary measure, the sick person is kept in the camp till the ninth day. No marks of the eruption, (as regards pitting, etc.,) have been left in cases examined, if treated by the remedy.

3. With regard to the medicine acting, (as believed by the Indians,) in the way of a preventive, in those exposed to the infection, it is curious to note, in the camps, where the remedy is used, the people keep a weak infusion of the plant prepared, and take a dose occasionally during the day, so as to "keep the antidote in the blood."—*Druggist's Circular.*

Frederick W. Morris, M. D., resident physician of the Halifax Visiting Dispensary, in a letter sent to the editor of the American Medical Journal, says:

You have probably heard something of an extraordinary discovery for the cure of small pox, by the use of "*Saracenia Purpurea*," or Indian cap, [or pitcher plant] a native of Nova Scotia. I would beg you, however, to give full publicity to the astonishing fact, that this same humble bog plant is the remedy for small pox, in all its forms, in twelve hours after the patient has taken the medicine. It is also as curious, as it is wonderful, that however alarming and numerous the eruptions, or confluent or frightful they may be, the peculiar action of the medicine is such, that very seldom is a scar left to tell the story of the disease.

I will not enter upon a physiological analysis now; it will be sufficient for my purpose to state, that it cures the disease as no other medicine does, not by stimulating functional re-agency, but by actual contact with the virus in the blood, rendering it inert and painless; and this I gather from the fact that if either vaccine or variolous matter be washed with the infusion of the Saracenia, it is deprived of its contagious property. * * * * * *

The dose of the medicine—the powdered root, is about a dessert spoonful, simmered in a pint of water down to half a pint; this is divided into two doses, one taken immediately, the other in six hours—no sugar shall be given with it. The "Saracenia" I have reason to believe to be a powerful antidote for all contagious diseases—lebra, measles, plague, contagions, typhus and syphites, also a remedy for jaundice.

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☞ Some of the assistants engaged in enrolling the names of those liable to conscription, are very minute in their inquiries. One of them called upon a lady of this city and inquired:

"Have you any sons?"

"Yes, one in the army."

"What is his age?"

"Twenty-six years."

"On what day of the month was he born?"

"The eighth of July."

"Wasn't it a hot day to be born on!"

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### WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
## PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market continues unsettled and dull. Sales of Flour reach 7000 bbls in lots at $5,50@6 for common and good superfine; $5,75@6,50 for extras; $6 up to $7,25 for low grade and choice Western extra family, mostly good Ohio at $6,50@6,75, and $7,50@8,50 for fancy do. Rye Flour is held at $5 ℔ bbl, without sales. Corn Meal is steady at $4 for Pennsylvania, which is scarce. Nothing doing in Brandywine to alter quotations.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat continue fair —about 40,000 Pennsylvania reds were disposed of at $1,48@1,52, in store and afloat, closing at $1,50 for prime Pennsylvania. Of white the sales have been limited at from $1,55 to $1,79, the latter for choice Kentucky. Rye is better and very scarce, and Pennsylvania has been selling in a small way at $1,03@1,05. Corn is firm, with very little offering, and about 30,000 bus sold at 86@87c for both white and yellow. Western mixed sold at 84@85. Oats are steady with further sales of about 40,000 bus, chiefly Pennsylvania, at 76@78c, weight. Barley and Malt are very inactive, and prices nominally unchanged.

PROVISIONS.—There is nothing doing in bbld Meats, and we quote Mess Pork dull and nearly nominal at $14@14½ ℔ bbl. Beef is also quiet at $12@15 for Western and city Mess; Beef Hams are steady at $17@17½ ℔ bbl. Bacon is firm, but the demand is mostly confined to bagged Hams, with sales of about 300 casks at 11½@12½c, the latter for fancy cured; nothing doing in Shoulders or Sides. Of Green Meats the sales are also confined to pickled Hams, which are better, and 700 casks sold at 8¾@9½c, now held higher; salt do are wanted at 7c; 2000 pieces Shoulders sold at 4¾c. Nothing doing in Sides to alter quotations. Lard is held firmly at 10@10½c for bbls and tcs, and 11½@12c for kegs, with sales of 800 pkgs at these rates. Butter is less active, and quoted at 16@22c for Penna, Ohio, and New York, the latter for choice dairy. Cheese continues scarce at 10@11c for Ohio, and 11½@12½c for New York. Eggs are worth 18@19c ℔ dozen.

COTTON.—The market is firm and advancing; sales of 250 bales, in small lots, at 55@58c for Middlings, including 120 bales sold by auction at 52½@54½c, all cash.

ASHES continues firm, with limited sales of both Pots and Pearls.

BARK.—Quercitron is unsettled and lower, with sales of about 100 hhds to note at $33@34 ℔ ton for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is selling at $13½@14 for Chestnut, $17½@18 for Spanish, and $10 for Peach Oak.

BEESWAX is scarce, and good Yellow is worth 45c ℔ lb.

COAL.—The demand, both for shipment and home use is good, and prices are tending upwards.

COFFEE.—Holders are firmer in their views; some 2,300 bags, mostly Rio, have been disposed of at 29@32c, cash and 4 mos.

COPPER.—The market is dull and unsettled; of Yellow Metal the sales are limited and prices about the same.

FEATHERS are in light stock, with very little demand at 45@48c ℔ lb.

FRUIT.—The sales are mostly confined to berries, which are arriving and selling freely.

HAY is steady at 80@90c the 100 lbs.

HEMP.—The market is quiet, and for Manilla prices are firmer.

HOPS continue dull and the sales limited at 18@22c ℔ lb.

IRON.—The market for this staple continues very inactive; we quote Anthracite Pig Metal nominally at $30@35 ℔ ton for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is dull at $35@36 ℔ ton. Blooms and Boiler Plates continue scarce, and Bars and Rails are in fair demand, and the latter firm at the advance.

LEAD is dull and unsettled, but we hear of sales of 2500 pigs Galena on terms kept private.

LUMBER comes in slowly and meets with a moderate demand. White Pine Boards are selling at $21@23; Yellow Sap do $20@22; Lehigh do $13; Raft Scantling at $11 in the water; White Pine Shingles $19@22, and Laths at $1,50@1,60 ℔ M from the vessel.

MOLASSES.—The market is inactive and the sales limited to a few small lots Cuba at about previous rates. Some 500 bbls New Orleans also sold, mostly by auction, at from 36½ to 45½c, cash.

PLASTER is not inquired for, and dull at $4 ℔ ton.

RICE.—About 500 bags Rangoon have been sold to come here at 8¼@8½c ℔ lb, at which rates the market is firm.

SEEDS.—There is very little Cloverseed offering or selling, and prices range at $5@5½ ℔ bus. Timothy is quiet at $1,50@2, and Flaxseed at $1,75@2,50 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin are firmly held at the advance. N E Rum is quiet at 65@67c; Whiskey is firmer, about 1500 bbls have been disposed of at 45@46c, Drudge at 44@45c, and hhds at the same rates.

SUGAR.—The market is steady and more active, and about 1000 hhds have been disposed of, mostly Cuba, at 10½@12½c, including Porto Rico at 10½@12½c, all on the usual terms, and 95 hhds New Orleans by auction at 10½@11¾c, cash. Refined Sugars are ½c lower.

TALLOW.—The market is unsettled. We quote city at 11@11½c, and country at 10@10½c ℔ lb.

TOBACCO.—The receipts are light, and the demand for both Leaf and Manufactured very small.

WOOL.—The market is unsettled and very dull. Sales of about 80,000 lbs are reported, mostly old, at from 65 to 70c net, for low and medium quality fleece. There is very little of the new clip coming in.

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### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1249 head. The prices realized were from 8 to 13 cts ℔ lb. 230 Cows brought from $18 to 30 ℔ head. 8000 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 6c ℔ lb gross. 1160 Hogs at from $7,00 to 8,00 ℔ cwt net.

**THE SATURDAY EVENING POST**

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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GEO. N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
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Are superior to all other purgative medicines in the world. They are the only purgative pills that is safe to administer in cases of Erisipelas, Typhoid, Scarlet, Yellow, or other Fevers, or in Small Pox, Gastritis, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and other diseases, where a mild soothing and healing purgative is required. One dose of Radway's Pills will cleanse the bowels, and purge from the system diseased humors as thoroughly as lobelia will cleanse the stomach, without weakening the patient. One dose is sufficient to prove their superiority to all other pills.

"Sold by Druggists."

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM GUMPPER, to Miss ROSE MCADAMS, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. W. O. Johnstone, Mr. WILLIAM THOMPSON, to SARAH, daughter of Mr. James Cherry.

On the 10th of June, 1863, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JACOB KIEFFER, to Miss ANN E. TOY, both of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, Mr. HENRY JONES, to Miss SOPHIA W. TOMLINSON, both of Frankford.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Edmund Leaf, Dr. W. C. BOSSET, to Miss MARY R. GROVE, both of Douglassville, Berks county, Pa.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. N. B. Baldwin, Mr. HENRY KNORR, to Miss JULIA P. GERMAN, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. CHARLES C. REED, to Miss SARAH D. WHARTON, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At his residence, in Wilmington, on 5th-day afternoon, 18th instant, ELI HILLES.

On the 10th instant, RICHARD RONALDSON, aged 91 years.

On the 15th instant, GEORGE S. HAMILL, M. D. in his 39th year.

On the 16th instant, GEORGE GIDEON, Chief Engineer, U. S. N. in his 37th year.

On the 16th instant, SUSANNA R. BAYNE, daughter of Jas. Bayne, Sr. aged 36 years.

On the 15th instant, HANNAH G. CREAMER, wife of John Creamer, aged 48 years.

On the 14th instant, J. HENRY LEHR, in his 30th year.

On the 14th instant, Mr. JOHN S. WARNER, in his 41st year.

On the 13th instant, ELIZABETH RODGERS, in her 24th year.

On the 13th instant, JAMES SAYRES, in his 46th year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. ESTHER J. SCOTT, in her 64th year.

On the 12th instant, JOHN G. WARWICK, in his 41st year.

AN ELEGANT CURE FOR THE HAIR.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of

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The only article discovered for promoting the health and strength of the Hair, and giving the Hair a rich and glossy appearance, is PHALON & SON'S COCIN, and we recommend all to buy it.—*Philadelphia Press.* my23-3m

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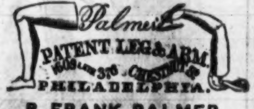

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This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

*Pamphlets*, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address

B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
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BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

You may recover your health by the use of other remedies. You may recover without any; but do not forget that you may die, and that Brandreth's Pills could have saved you. For remember that the

AWFUL PRINCIPLE OF DEATH,

when you have it in excess in your system, is evident to your animal instincts. Your countenance tells your friends; your dreams and your own heart tell you.

Now, at these times there is no medicine so deserving of your confidence as

BRANDRETH'S
VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS.

It is the only medicine known that can certainly save, when all the usual indications tell that you must die.

Mr. John Pudney, Springfield, Union Co., N. J., has used

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

for fifteen years in his family, and for all his hands: in which time these Pills have cured them of Billious affections, Headache, Rheumatism, Fever and Ague, Measles, Whooping Cough, and he says he has never known them to fail.

Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by all Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. je27-2teow

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Photograph copies of choice and costly Engravings are now made with such minuteness and perfection that all the beauty and effects of the original are reproduced. I am furnishing these at prices within the reach of every one—prices quite as low as those asked for inferior Engravings and Lithographs. Among the subjects are—

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Address GEORGE GILLIARD,
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FIVE-TWENTIES;
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TWENTY-YEAR
SIX PER CENT. BONDS,
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LOAN AT PAR,
THE INTEREST TO COMMENCE FROM DATE OF DEPOSIT,
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AT THE PRESENT PREMIUM ON GOLD THESE BONDS YIELD ABOUT
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

On and after JULY 1st, 1863, the privilege of converting the present issue of LEGAL TENDER NOTES into the NATIONAL SIX PER CENT. LOAN (commonly called "Five-Twenties") will cease.

All who wish to invest in the Five-Twenty Loan must, therefore, apply before the 1st of July next.

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"NOSES."—THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.—Illustrated with engravings of the Roman, Grecian, Indian, Negro, Celestial, Aqueline, Turn-up, and Pug-Noses, with the character revealed by each. EYES—blue, black, or gray. LIPS—thin and pale, or full and red, prim or pouting, scolding or loving. MOUTH—large or small. HAIR—light or dark, coarse or fine, straight or curly. CHEEKS—thin or plump, pale or colored. TEETH—regular or irregular. EARS—large or small. NECK—long or short. SKIN—rough or smooth. All to be amply illustrated with engravings. The walk, talk, laugh and voice, all indicate character. We may know an honest face from a dishonest one, and we will show how. Besides the above, we shall treat on ETHNOLOGY, or the Natural History of Man; of PHYSIOLOGY, and the Laws of Life and Health; of PHYSIOGNOMY, or Signs of Character, and how to read them; of PHRENOLOGY, the Philosophy of Mind; and of PSYCHOLOGY, the Science of the Soul. Man, with reference to all his relations of life, social, intellectual, and spiritual, and what each can do best, will be elucidated in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED. New volume commences July 1st. A handsome quarto monthly, at only $1,50 a year. Sample numbers, 15 cents. Please address FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.
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DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT, pint bottles at 50 cents each, for the cure of lameness, scratches, windgalls, sprains, bruises, splints, cuts, colic, slipping stifle, over-heating, sore throat, nail in the foot, &c. It is warranted cheaper and better than any other article ever offered to the public. Thousands of animals have been cured of the colic and overheating by this Liniment; and hundreds that were crippled and lame have been restored to their former vigor. It is used by all the first horsemen throughout the States. Orders are constantly received from the Racing Stables of England for fresh supplies of this invaluable article. *Over 2,500 testimonials have been received. Remember*, 50 cents laid out in time may save the life of your horse.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, N. Y.
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES
AND FRECKLES.

Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty on either; and anything that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York, having devoted his whole time and attention to Diseases of the Skin, will guaranty to remove Moth Patches, Freckles and other discolorations from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his specialty—DISEASES OF THE SCALP and LOSS OF HAIR—will warrant him in guarantying a CURE IN EVERY CASE. For particulars address, enclosing stamp,

DR. B. C. PERRY,
my20-13t 49 Bond Street, New York.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS
FOR THE
CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

For a list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

NOT ALCOHOLIC.
A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
VEGETABLE EXTRACT.
A PURE TONIC.
DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Will effectually cure
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice,
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys,
and all diseases arising from a disordered
Liver or Stomach.
Such
as Constipation, Inward Piles,
Fullness of Blood to the
Head, Acidity of the Stomach,
Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food,
Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the
Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or
Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness
of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and
Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes,
Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs,
&c., &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat,
Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of
Evil, and great
Depression of
Spirits.

And will positively prevent Yellow Fever, Bilious Fever, &c.

They contain
NO ALCOHOL OR BAD WHISKEY.
They will cure the above diseases in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
Are not a new and untried article, but have stood the test of fifteen years' trial by the American public, and their reputation and sale are not rivalled by any similar preparation.

The Proprietors have thousands of letters from the most eminent
CLERGYMEN,
LAWYERS,
PHYSICIANS
AND
CITIZENS,
Testifying, of their own personal knowledge, to the beneficial effects and medical virtues of these Bitters.

DO YOU WANT SOMETHING TO STRENGTHEN YOU?
DO YOU WANT A GOOD APPETITE?
DO YOU WANT TO BUILD UP YOUR CONSTITUTION?
DO YOU WANT TO FEEL WELL?
DO YOU WANT TO GET RID OF NERVOUSNESS?
DO YOU WANT ENERGY?
DO YOU WANT TO SLEEP WELL?
DO YOU WANT A BRISK AND VIGOROUS FEELING?

If you do, use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

FROM REV. J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D., EDITOR OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reasons why a man may not testify to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

I do this the more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them.

J. NEWTON BROWN.
Philadelphia, June 23, 1861.

FROM THE REV. JOS. H. KENNARD, PASTOR OF THE TENTH BAPTIST CHURCH.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with commendations of different kinds of medicines, but, regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters. I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that *for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation.* In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.

Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth below Coates Street, Phila.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

*There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed.*

*This class of Bitters has caused, and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death.*

*For those who desire and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt:—Get ONE BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS and mix with THREE QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDY OR WHISKEY, and the result will be a preparation that will FAR EXCEL in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and will COST MUCH LESS. You will have all the virtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS in connection with a GOOD article of Liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.*

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting from disorders of the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.

We call particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated cure of one of the nation's heroes, whose life, to use his own language, "has been saved by the Bitters:"

PHILADELPHIA, August 23d, 1862.

MESSRS. JONES & EVANS:—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters has saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who were fully cognizant of all the circumstances of my case. I am, and have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Captain R. B. Ayres.—Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflammation of the Lungs, and was for seventy-two days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed from the White House and sent to this city on board of the steamer State of Maine, from which I landed on the 28th of June. Since that time I have been about as low as any one could be and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and if I did force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances; and accordingly the physicians, who had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully, to rescue me from the grasp of the dread archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a clergyman, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinbron, of Sixth below Arch Street, advised me, as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kindly procured a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now, thank God for it, getting better. Though I have taken but two bottles, I have gained ten pounds, and I feel sanguine of being permitted to rejoin my wife and daughter, from whom I have heard nothing for eighteen months; for, gentlemen, I am a loyal Virginian, from the vicinity of Front Royal. To your invaluable Bitters I owe the certainty of life which has taken the place of vague fears—to your Bitters will I owe the glorious privilege of again clasping to my bosom those who are dearest to me in life.

Very truly yours, ISAAC MALONE.

We fully concur in the truth of the above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health.

JOHN CUDDLEBACK, First New York Battery.
GEORGE A. ACKLEY, Co. C, Eleventh Maine.
LEWIS CHEVALIER, Ninety-Second New York.
J. E. SPENCER, First Artillery, Battery F.
J. B. FASEWELL, Co. B, Third Vermont.
HENRY B. JEROME, Co. B, Third Vermont.
HENRY T. MACDONALD, Co. C, Sixth Maine.
JOHN F. WARD, Co. E, Fifth Maine.
HERMAN KOCH, Co. H, Seventy-second New York.
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ANDREW J. KIMBALL, Co. A, Third Vermont.
JOHN JENKINS, Co. B, One-hundred-and-Sixth Pa.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.

PRICE PER BOTTLE, 75 CENTS,
OR HALF DOZEN FOR $4.

Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, PHILADA.
JONES & EVANS,
(Successor to C. M. JACKSON & Co.,)
Proprietors.

☞ For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States. ap18-eowly

## Wit and Humor.

### NOT EASILY FRIGHTENED.

The shepherd's wife, who attends to the wants of travellers at Birkhill, Scotland, is a character worth knowing. She is strong-minded and strong-nerved; and a number of authentic anecdotes are told of her prowess. The following is one of the best.

Her house is solitary, no other dwelling being within miles of it, and during the day, when her husband and son are on the hills, she has sometimes strange visitors, for the road passing the door connects the east with the west of Scotland in that district. When the Hawick branch of the North British Railway was making, navvies often passed this way from the Caledonian line towards Hawick, and of these she generally had a call. A solitary Irish navvy came in one day when she was alone, saving a little girl, a grandchild. After lighting his pipe, and staring round him for a time, the following dialogue ensued:

"Well, missus," said he; "you've some mighty nice hams there."

"Nice hams," was the dry response.

"Faix, I think I'll have one, missus!"

"But ye'll no get ane, my man."

Pat, nothing daunted, put his foot upon a stool for the purpose of taking one down from the ceiling, where they hung, and he did so boldly, for he saw no one was in the house but the woman and child. With a stern face, however, she suddenly stepped before him, and said:

"Did ony body see ye come in here?"

"The devil a one," was answered, defiantly.

"And the devil a ane'll see ye gang out again! Bring me the axe, lassie!"

In a moment the blackguard was out at the door and off, leaving her to enjoy a hearty laugh at the success of her *ruse*.

### ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

In 1848, while the Convention which nominated General Taylor, was in session at Philadelphia, a somewhat noted local politician from Pickaway county, Ohio, was in the city mingling in the muss. As the Convention adjourned over Sunday, he concluded to go to church. We will let him tell his own story:

"I had mounted my best regalia and looked fine; stopped at the door and asked the sexton for a seat; was shown a very good one, entirely unoccupied, in the back part of which I seated myself. In a short time a very decent-looking man, plainly dressed, entered and took the front of the pew. I held my head reverently, and looked pious. He glanced at me several times, then took out a white handkerchief, looked at me again, then took out a card, drew his pencil, wrote, 'This is my pew, sir,' and tossed the card to me.

"I picked it up, and immediately wrote on it, 'It is a very good one. What rent do you pay?' and tossed it back."

**Those Boys.**—"Our little Bobby," of four years, had been lectured by his aunt on the evil of disobedience to parents, and the example was shown him of a boy who disobeyed his mother and went to the river and got drowned.

"Did he die?" said Bobby, who had given the story due attention.

"Yes," was the serious reply.

"What did they do with him?" asked Bobby, after a moment's reflection.

"Carried him home," replied the monitor, with due solemnity.

After turning the matter over in his mind, as it was hoped profitably, he looked up and closed the conversation by asking—

"Why didn't they chuck him in again?"

**A Rich Advertisement.**—The following advertisement appears among the matrimonials of the New York Herald:—

*Matrimonial.*—A Young Widower, aged 65, more or less of prepossessing appearance, and engaging manners, and who sports a beautiful head of hair, and an elegant moustache, and a pearly set of teeth, nearly new, and who is free from all incumbrance, except six small children, a mother-in-law and a maiden aunt, desires to form the acquaintance of a few dozen young ladies, with a view to matrimony. Wealth is indispensable, as the advertiser has nary red. Those contemplating matrimony may enclose (if convenient) carte de visite and one dollar in specie to pay for this notice, and address, with stamp, Gay and Happy, Ledgegate, Pa.

**A Skinned Head.**—Alonzo was taken to church for the first time. The services had not begun. Deacon Wells, a bald headed man came in; Alonzo looked at him curiously. Mr. Ostrom came down the aisle, and he had no hair where the hair ought to grow. Alonzo was fidgety. Squire Jones, as bald as Mount Blanc, walked in, and Alonzo could hold in no longer. In a clear, ringing voice he cried,

"Oh, ma! ma! there comes another man with a skinned head!"

☞ "This smacks of heaven!" said a youth, as he kissed the maiden's cheek. "Well, you've plenty of lip, I'm sure!" replied the maiden. "Yes, and you've plenty of cheek," responded the youth, as he repeated the osculation.

### A HINT TO AMBITIOUS COLONELS.

A correspondent of the New York Mercury relates the following:—A detail was made from our division, of three or four regiments, to escort a forage train to Harrisburg Landing, the command of the escort devolving on a Colonel who was known to be making aspirations to a Brigadiership. On reaching the landing, Colonel R—— learned that a squad of guerillas were encamped about two miles up the river, and he conceived the plan of sending three or four companies up on a transport, to "clean them out." The weather was wet and cold, and our men did not feel much like doing anything besides what they were detailed for originally; consequently, when this expedition was announced, it was not received with very good grace by those concerned.

Suddenly, one of the men, hailing a comrade, within hearing of the ambitious Colonel, said—

"Jim, do you know what Colonel R—— is going to do up the river?"

"No," replied Jim; "do you?"

"Yes," responded our wit; "he is going to send his *eagles* up there to hatch *stars*."

Probably it was the laugh that followed that riled the Colonel.

### The Song of the Disconsolate One.

[To several old tunes, because composed in a heated ballroom, where he could not get any fresh air.]

"She wore a wreath of roses
The time that first we met"—
(Her handsome Roman nose is
Most beautifully set).
When I was introduced to her,
She sweetly smiled and bowed—
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking
For the lovely Miss O'Dowd.

"She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine!"—
(The lobster-salad wasn't bad,
But I couldn't stand the wine).
What with the pace she went at,
And what with the heat and crowd,
Oh! my head, my head was reeling
As I danced with Miss O'Dowd.

"Let other lips and other hearts
Their tale of sorrow tell"—
(That stuff for cleaning gloves imparts
A most unpleasant smell)—
I'd gladly dance a thousand times
With her, were I allowed.
Oh! my heart, my heart is aching—
Oh! that eldest Miss O'Dowd.

"Her mother bade her bind her hair
With bands of roseate hue"—
(I wonder she hadn't better taste
Than to mix 'em up with blue).
When on the light fantastic toe
We danced to the music loud,
Oh! my heart was palpitating
Next to that of Miss O'Dowd.

"Maxwelton braes are bonny,
And Christmas bills fa' due"—
(I wonder has she money?
Is her governor a screw?)
Of her beauty and accomplishments
She's not the least bit proud—
Oh! my heart is shivered to little bits
By Mary Jane O'Dowd!

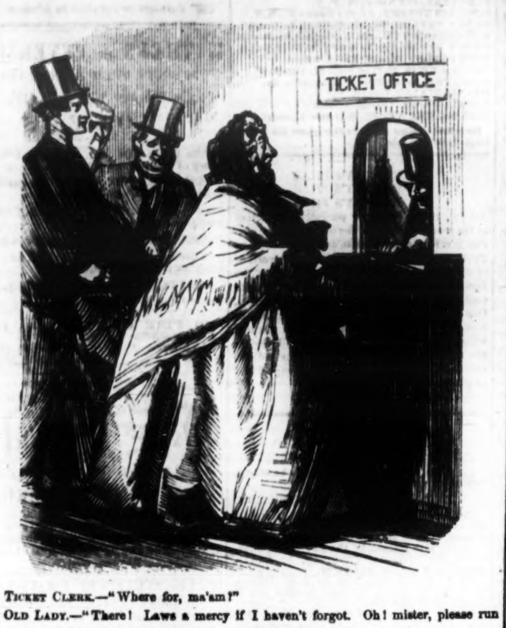
### GREEK MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

The Greeks marry young. Marriage is the subject of conversation amongst young people sixteen years of age. They marry somewhat inconsiderately, and without any certain prospects. If they delayed taking a wife until they were sure of being able to maintain her, the population would diminish. Marriage is a purely religious act. The betrothal, another religious ceremony, has almost as sacred a character as marriage. In certain cantons—in Missolonghi, for instance—a betrothed young man enjoys all the rights of a husband. They delay the celebration of the union until the promise of its first fruits. If the future bridegroom, after the conscientious celebration of his betrothal, were to draw back from completing his engagement, his refusal would cost him his life.

A story is told of a betrothed young man who took refuge on board a Portuguese ship on the eve of his wedding. He died at Lisbon of a stab with a knife.

It is difficult to break off a marriage which is not yet completed, nothing is easier than to undo it when it is done. The papas, or priests, are not incorruptible, and, if you know by which end to handle them, will contrive to discover in the most regular union five or six informalities sufficient to annul the marriage. After having lived with your wife forty years, they will make it a point of conscience to declare that you have been erroneously married, and that the person in question is nothing to you. But it costs very dear, as Panurge says. If it pleases you to have been married, whilst it displeases you to be married still, divorce shines for all the world. Certain ladies are to be seen in Athens who have been divorced three times, and who could ask their three husbands to dinner without the public's having a right to find fault with them. But divorce is a luxury which humble people scarcely ever indulge in.

☞ An honest man's the noblest work of God; but the edition is small, suggests the New Orleans *Picayune*.



**Ticket Clerk.**—"Where for, ma'am?"

**Old Lady.**—"There! Laws a mercy if I haven't forgot. Oh! mister, please run over a few of the willages on this railway, will yer?"

[Bell rings—old lady is swept away.

### A FAMOUS LAND.

If there be a part of the world which ought to tempt the traveller, it is assuredly that region of Asia which lies between the Caspian and Black seas. Tradition declares this to be the cradle of the human race. Here, say the Persians and Armenians, was the Garden of Eden; here, as every one knows, stands the mighty Ararat, from which mankind spread after the deluge. Here are the best and most undeniable physical evidences of that astonishing catastrophe. Here hunted the Biblical Nimrod, here Noah planted the vine. Here languished Prometheus chained to the rock, with vultures ever gnawing at his liver. Hither sailed Jason and the Argonauts, and hence departed the enchantress Medea. One of the rivers of this region still bears the name of Cyrus the Great. Alexander of Macedon is a household word among the Caucasian villagers. Hence flowed Greeceward that stream of gorgeous fable which widened into Hellenic mythology. Here Pompey conquered, and the soldiers of Imperial Rome bled in vain. Here Gregory preached, and Tamerlane and Genghis Kahn spread havoc; the Turks uprooted the Genoes on these shore, to be themselves uprooted in due time by the more opportune Russians. Over the Caucasian wall, at the dread hour when Allah's time shall sound, Gog and Magog shall cross to put an end to the empire of Islamism on earth; and destroy the kingdom of the true believers. When the Russians swept away the Georgian throne, 1800, learned men at Tiflis exclaimed in their anguish that the fallen monarchy had existed without interruption since the time of Abraham; there is good historical evidence to prove a line of kings extending over a period of 2,245 years.

## Agricultural.

### CLEANING HOUSE.

And now, gentle reader, you will ask, perhaps, what all this cleaning house has to do with horticulture and its kindred work. Without shocking you too much by boldly answering "a good deal," we would nevertheless, gently insinuate a good deal by way of *analogy*. How? you would say. Why, listen, then, and we will tell you. Perhaps, among other good things, you rejoice in the possession of a peach, a pear, or an apple orchard; perhaps in all three. Think you, then, that there is never a season for *house cleaning* among these? Is there no health and comfort, or, in other words, thrift and profit to be looked after among them? Let us take a short excursion through them, and see *how the house looks*. And first we will pass up through these peach trees, on our way to the pears and apples. Well, these are fine-looking trees; they have made great growth for the three years that you tell me they have been planted; but stop a moment, my friend; first look close to the ground, around that fine, dark-colored, clean-barked tree you are bragging about, and tell me what moistens the ground about it, and what all that stuff is clinging around the butt. Gum, eh? Precisely; gum it is. Now out with your knife; scrape away, dig into the bark, and see what it is that causes all this gum to exude. What are you astonished at that great, fat, white grub, that you have just taken out; so over-fed that he fairly rolls out the moment you touch his hiding-place? This is his season. He is now enjoying his carnival. Insatiable glutton! he means to stop only when he has girdled that tree, and you would only have known it when too late to effect the cure. Now follow the housewife's plan—*clean house.* Now is the season. A month more, and you will be the loser.

Now let us pass up among the pears. See here what your Hibernian incompetency effected for you last season. Look where the whiffle-tree has struck when the plough passed through here last summer. Look on that row of trees, and see every fourth and fifth tree has a large piece of bark cracked, raised up, and protruding like an ugly scab. Well, look into it, or rather under it. What do you find? A perfect nest of insects, a mass of eggs. Just so. Here is what in a few weeks later will prove an army, which shall lay waste the beauties of the orchard, just as effectually as Uncle Sam's hosts have done in rebeldom.

Look, too, at this row of trees; these dwarf Duchesse d'Angoulemes, Bartletts, etc. What is the matter with the bark? all covered with scales? Insect life, my friend, sucking out the life-blood, and impeding the growth of your trees. Go to work—*clean house.* You need not continue the walk up into the apple orchard; you will find the same thing the case there. The same work is to be done. The house must be cleaned. Hunt out the borers from your trees with fire and sword, hot water and knife. Scrape away, and brush off the larvæ of insects which are to spring into life with the coming summer; and after you have, in imitation of the housewife's skill, expelled the vermin, cleaned the woodwork, then you may, to carry out the figure, scrub your floors. The young grass will now begin to start up, and the seeds of noxious weeds to germinate. Don't let them go too long, but, as the housewife chooses a warm, dry day to scrub the floors, so take advantage of a dry time and a hot sun to lightly plough or hoe the surface, and then you will insure a clean floor for the summer. We object to the plough in a closely planted orchard of young trees, especially dwarf pears, for not only is there great and almost inevitable mischief occasioned by striking the trees, and disturbing their tender bark, but, unless the ploughman is very experienced and judgmatical (to use a coined but expressive word) in his work, he will do still greater mischief in cutting off the roots of the parent quince, which, lying near the surface, are stretching forth through the surrounding soil, in quest of nourishment to elaborate into the growing tree.—*Horticulturist for June.*

**Glanders.**—The following paragraph occurs in Dr. Dadd's new book on the Horse:—

Whoever undertakes to attempt the cure of this awful malady must remember that he is running a great risk of losing his own life, for the absorption of the least particle of the virus will cause death in one of the most horrible of all forms; and many cases are on record going to show that whole families have been destroyed by absorbing the glandered virus.

**A Remedy for Melon Bugs.**—A gentleman who has had much experience in raising melons, informs us that the best thing to keep bugs from the vines is,—

Sulphur, 1 tablespoonful.
Yellow snuff, 1 tablespoonful.
Cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoonful.
Ground mustard, 1 tablespoonful.

Mix the whole with half a pint of flour, and apply to the plants when they are moist.

### NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES OF BRAN.

M. Millon has communicated to the French Academy of Sciences, the result of some interesting investigations of his, concerning the ligneous matter of wheat, whence it would appear that bran is a very nutritious substance. Though bran doubtless contains from five to six per cent. more ligneous substance than flour, it presents more nitrogeneous matter, twice as much fatty matter, and moreover, two distinct aromatic principles, one of which possesses the fragrance of honey; and these are both wanting in flour.

M. Millon therefore thinks, that bran and meal ought to be ground over again and mixed with the pure flour, and he has found, by repeated experiments, that this mixture yields a superior kind of bread.

Horses that consume a fair allowance of bran usually enjoy better health than those deprived of it.

## Useful Receipts.

**How to Polish Shirt Bosoms.**—A correspondent of the American Agriculturist writes:

I was somewhat amused by the letter from a young housekeeper, Mrs. Pry. As she feels desirous to make her husband's shirts, bosoms and collars look nice, I will endeavor to tell her how my wife does up mine. The first thing is to wash them clean, then starch them thoroughly with the best of starch. A little pure spermaceti or dissolved gum-arabic in the starch will improve it, but have the starch thick, and work it into the linen thoroughly. When in a proper condition, use the common sad iron to smooth them, and get them in proper shape, the same as though they were not to be polished, I would here say that you cannot polish linen on a soft cloth. Take a piece of hard wood (I use birch) say 10x14 inches, or size of a shirt bosom, and plane it even and smooth. When you use the polishing iron lay the linen on that, without any cloth underneath; a liberal supply of elbow grease is indispensable to make the things look first-rate. Now for the polishing iron. We use McCoy's patent. I have seen several kinds, but I like this the best. You cannot polish with an iron with a flat face; the one I use is made something like a small shoe, with a round heel on both ends, nicely polished, and care should be had to keep it so, if you wish to have your linen look well. The linen we buy at the stores is polished by men, or machinery, which gives it a finer polish than can usually be given by females. But if Mrs. Pry will get a good polishing iron, and follow the directions as given, she will not feel ashamed of her husband's bosoms and collars.

**Ginger Snaps.**—At the Chenango County Fair the ginger snaps made from the following recipe took the premium:

One cup best molasses; one half cup sugar; two-thirds cup butter; one teaspoonful alum; two teaspoons saleratus; one-half cup water, one tablespoon ginger.—*Mrs. Charles S. Cheever, New Haven, Oswego Co., N. Y.*

**Cream Beer.**—Two and one-fourth lbs. of white sugar, two oz. tartaric acid; juice of half a lemon, and three pints of water,—boil together five minutes. When nearly cold add the whites of three eggs beaten to a froth; one-half cup of flour, well beaten, and half an ounce of winter-green essence. Bottle and keep in a cool place. Two tablespoonfuls of this syrup in a tumbler of water, with one-fourth teaspoon of soda. It is ready for use as soon as made, but age improves it, and it will keep any length of time. Shake the bottle well every time before using.—M. A., *in Rural New Yorker.*

### Ats; Or, Acha-jar Pickles. (Piccalilli.)

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Make a brine of salt and water; the proportions being 3 tablespoonsful of salt to 1 pint of cold water: keep in a large stone jar. Throw whatever you intend to pickle into this brine for 3 days. When taken out of this immerse them in scalding water for a moment; then wipe them with a dry cloth. Before you put them *finally* into your jar wash them with vinegar. After having lain 3 days in the salt and water they must be spread on a board in a bright sun to bleach. They will look dried up and good for nothing, but after being put into the vinegar they will begin to smell and turn of a bright yellow, which it is intended they should. Prepare your vinegar in the following manner and it will keep for years, and you may add pickles from time to time prepared as above:—

To 1 gallon vinegar add 1 pint white mustard seed, 1 lb. of garlic, 1 lb. of green ginger, 1 teacup of flour of mustard, 1 oz. mace, 1 oz. of cloves, 1 nutmeg, 1 teacup of black pepper, 1 teacup of allspice, 3 oz. of sifted turmeric. The garlic and ginger must be laid in salt 3 days, and then put into salt well damped with water. After 3 days wash them in vinegar and put them into your jar.

You may use as pickles the following articles, viz.:—Small white onions, young corn, so tender as to be cut easily through the cob; very young beans, small cucumbers, radish pods, watermelon rind pared and cut small, mangoes quartered, apples, whole or quartered, pears, peaches and plums, cauliflowers, small white cabbage quartered and tied up, and any other fruit or vegetables you please.

## The Riddler.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 1, 5, 17, 25, is a past participle.
My 10, 16, 6, 9, is the name of a body of water.
My 18, 22, 21, 21, 15, is a kind of medicine.
My 4, 7, 26, 11, is what we should take of articles we prize.
My 3, 19, 8, 12, is a near relative.
My 27, 2, 14, 13, 8, 25, is an adjective expressing quality.
My 20, 21, 22, 15, 23, is a state rarely enjoyed on earth.
My 24, 19, 8, 12, 2, 26, is the name of a prominent Major-General of the "Union Army."

My whole are the names of two gentlemen of this city (Philadelphia) and their business.

*Circleville.* JENNIE H——.

### ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 1, 12, 9, 4, 9, is an Indian Prince.
My 2, 5, 7, 6, is a tree of several species.
My 3, 6, 11, is used in writing this enigma.
My 4, 14, 16, is a plant and its seed.
My 5, 12, 9, 10, 15, is the lot of all.
My 6, 2, 15, 5, is a title of nobility.
My 7, 13, 12, 5, is a stone of many colors.
My 8, 10, 16, 17, is an obligation.
My 9, 6, 12, 8, is a vegetable of many species.
My 10, 15, is a term of heraldry.
My 11, 7, 9, 5, 17, is a person of rank.
My 12, 8, 16, 6, is a square column.
My 13, 5, 2, 11, 17, is a joiner's tool.
My 14, 9, 6, is a nickname.
My 15, 10, 7, 16, is a part of a plant.
My 16, 7, 8, is the prevailing fashion.
My 17, 12, 15, is a part of the head.

My whole is the name of an unknown and friendless youth who became an Emperor.

*Mount Carroll, Illinois.* ANDROS.

### TRIPLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A pronoun and a preposition.
To detest.
A rebel General.
An eminent English lord.
A Latin verb, meaning *to flow.*
An English verb, meaning *able.*
A town of Scotland.

My initials, centrals and finals form the names of three Union Generals.

*Cincinnati.* Capt. L. B. CHESTER.

### DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To find three numbers, such that the sum of the squares of any two of them added to the product of the same two may be integral square numbers. The least numbers are desired?

*Stonington, Conn.* DAVID S. HART.

☞ An answer is requested.

### PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From what distance above the earth must a body at rest fall so that it will reach the earth at the same time that sound would, the body falling at the rate of 16 feet 1 inch the first second, 4 times that distance the next second, 9 times the next, and so on increasing as the square of the time and sound falling 1443 feet a second. GILL BATES.

*Hopeville, Clark Co., Iowa.*

### CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between a gambler and a bill sticker? Ans.—A gambler is a card-player, and a bill-sticker is a *pla-carder.*

☞ What is the difference between a devoted swain and a doting father? Ans.—One is a sighing lover, and the other is a loving sire.

☞ What is that of which there are only two in every year, and yet there are two in every day in the week? Ans.—Vowels.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"The miller does not see everything that floats by his mill." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Take the cheapest and best paper, viz.: The Saturday Evening Post. REBUS.—The Riddler. CHARADE.—Benjamin (Ben-jam-in).

Answer to E. Hagerty's PROBLEM, published May 23rd.—Length of degree of latitude 68.9893 miles. Length of degree of longitude 53.0906 miles.—David Wickersham, Clinton Co., Ohio.

Answer to PROBLEM by Altamont, published May 23rd.—From A's house to the spring 346.410 yards, and from B's 400 yards.—A. S., Bordentown, N. J.; R. Barto, and Francis W. Hibbard.

A. Martin gives the following answer to his DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM, published May 23rd.—3,040,066,714,240,000,000,000, and 9,120,200,142,720,000,000,000.

Answer to ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM by A. Martin, published May 30th.—The numbers are 2, 4 and 6.—J. B. M., Barnesville, Ohio; E. Hagerty, Baltimore, and Invalid.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, published May 30th.—$1423.775.—E. Hagerty; D. Thrax, N. Y.; Invalid; and R. Barto, Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.

**Rule.**—Find the compound interest on the given principal for the given rate and time, divide that amount or product by the amount of the annuity of one dollar for the given rate and time.—D. Thrax, Johnston, N. Y.